The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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AT THE GATE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MARGUERITE HARP.

When the vesper bells are pealing
Low and sweet,
And the merry voices silenced
In the street,
Then, before a rose-wreathed cottage,
I await
All alone in dearth and darkness
At the gate.

CHORUS.

In the dark, in the dew,
All invisible to you,
Like an ever-present Fate,
Love, I linger at the gate.

Fairies dance and firelight glistens
On the walls;
And the echoes keep repeating
Mirthful calls.
Phantoms of home warmth and comfort
Mock the fate
Of the lone and longing captive
At the gate.

Oh my darling, though forever
Lost to me,
Only in the friendly darkness
Am I free
To behold the blessed brightness
Of your state,
As I linger cold and hungry
At the gate.

Lo, the thick unfriendly curtain
Now is drawn,
And the dancing fireside fairies
All are gone.
Like the outcasts shut from Eden,
Cruel Fate
Holds me from the joys of Heaven
At the gate.

CHORUS.

In the dark, in the dew,
All invisible to you,
Like an ever-present Fate,
Love, I linger at the gate.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

KEZIAH DAWKES.

In her square, comfortable, but rather small dining-room, with its thick purple Turkey carpet, and sideboard of glittering plate at her back, sat Mrs. Garston in her arm-chair, bolt upright. She wore the stiffest of black silks, and a head-gear of quilled white net and love-ribbon, being in mourning for her many years' friend and neighbor, Lady Kage. By the position she sat in, rigidly perpendicular, those accustomed to her moods might have seen that something had put her out of humor. Though, indeed, so far as speech went, it was not very often she could have been said to be *in* it.

Opposite to her, on the other side of the hearthrug, was a plain young woman in fashionable attire. She had a gray, cold face, dusky rather than clear, and wide-open green eyes, with brown spots in them. It was Miss Dawkes. The grandmother of Miss Dawkes and Mrs. Garston's husband had been brother and sister; so that the old lady stood to the younger in the affinity of great-aunt. And when aunts (or uncles either) possess a large fortune, with freedom to will it away at pleasure, their relatives to the nine-and-ninetieth degree do not fail to gather about them, like a flock of hungry ravens waiting for food.

To give Miss Dawkes her due, it must be confessed that not from any expectation of benefiting herself had she come forth to invade Mrs. Garston that winter day, genial in temperature as one of spring. Mrs. Garston did not like to be invaded by Miss Dawkes. And Miss Dawkes knew it; for the ancient lady contrived to let her likes and dislikes be known without the smallest scruple. She had come to plead the cause of her brother, Captain Dawkes; to endeavor to conciliate Mrs. Garston's anger against him, and, if possible, to get her to pay his debts.

To possess a kinsman from whom we have "expectations" is not always a good thing. No, not even when the money cannot fail to become ours in the due course of events. The fact sometimes works badly. It had in the case of Captain Dawkes. But for looking to Mrs. Garston's wealth, assuming that it must, or at least a large portion of it, inevitably descend to him, he might never have grown into the fast spendthrift that he was. The clear-sighted old lady saw this; and perhaps that caused her to be more lenient to his faults than she would otherwise have been. There was little that she did not see; her vigorous intellect went deep into things passing around her, and grasped their points unerringly.

"I wonder you have the face to come to me, Keziah! When I was your age, fifty years ago, *I'd* have hid myself in a bag, head downwards, first. You want a year of thirty yet, you know. Manners are changed now-a-days. Children are young women, and young women are bolder than old ones."

Keziah Dawkes murmured some deprecating reply in the lowest of tones. Mrs. Garston saw that words came from her lips, but she could not by any possibility have heard their purport. And Keziah intended this: nothing, as she knew, so aggravated the old lady as opposing answers. It was rare indeed that Miss Dawkes did anything without a purpose; wary, cold, cautious, she weighed life's chances deliberately.

"If he has thrust one letter upon me, he has thrust half-a-dozen. The first came three weeks ago. I didn't answer it. I didn't answer any of 'em, and so he keeps on writing. What do you think of that for impudence?"

"Dear Aunt Garston, it is the fact of your not answering that has caused him to write again and again."

Had any sensitive stranger been present, he might have started at Miss Dawkes's voice. It sounded like a gruff man's, and was very harsh. These voices are not pleasant to the ear: we are apt to think that they carry their index with them. A sweet voice has been called an excellent thing in woman: it is so in more senses of the word than the one generally understood, whether possessed by woman or by man.

Mrs. Garston seized her stick, and gave a thump on the floor that might have dented in the board but for the intervening carpet.

"How many times have I paid Barby's debts? Answer me that."

But Miss Dawkes kept a wise silence.

"Twice over I have settled his whole catalogue of liabilities, and set him straight with the world; fifteen times at the least I have paid stray ones for him. What is the use of it, Keziah?"

It may be, that to this Miss Dawkes had no satisfactory answer to make. A faint red, dark and dusky, tinged her cheeks.

"The oftener I pay, the oftener I may pay; and where, I ask, is it to end? It is doing him no good, Keziah. You see that for yourself, you know, and yet you come pestering me. If he were put straight to-morrow, the next day he would begin to pile up debts again. The best thing for Barby, the kindest thing, will be to do no more for him. If once I say I won't, I *won't!* Mark you that."

"But you will not say it, dear Aunt Garston; you will not in justice say it!" And Miss Dawkes in her eagerness rose and crossed the hearthrug, her petitioning hands held out.

"Keep your seat, if you please, Keziah."

"I—I thought perhaps you would hear me better if I sat nearer to you, Aunt Garston."

"I hear you quite well enough. You want me to pay Barby's debts; there's no fear I shouldn't hear that. And I say, Keziah Dawkes, you are bold to ask it. What do you mean by 'justice?' I heard that, you see."

"He has been taught to consider himself your heir, Aunt Garston."

"My heir!"

"Heir. I said heir."

"Has he? Who taught him?"

"Everybody. My father and mother, while they lived."

"A man called yesterday, Keziah Dawkes, saying he wished to see me on business, and was shown in—here, to this very dining-room. He asked for a five-guinea subscription to some improvements they want to set afoot in the garden of Paradise-square. When I told him I'd not give five shillings, let alone five guineas, that the Paradise-garden improvements were nothing to me, he began to resent it, saying the committee had *counted* upon my help because I was rich, and they had put my name down for the amount. Do you consider I was responsible for that, Keziah?"

"Acquainted with your well-known benevolence, they—"

"I ask you if you think I was responsible for what the committee chose to do without my knowledge?" shrieked Mrs. Garston, rapping violently.

"No. Certainly not."

"Very well. It is an example in point. I was not responsible for what your folks did when they taught Barnaby Dawkes to think himself my heir."

"My father, had he lived, would have been your heir."

"What?" asked Mrs. Garston, bending her deaf ear.

"I spoke of papa, Aunt Garston. He was to have been your heir, had he survived you."

"That's as it might have been. He would have come in for a share. But you may remember one fact, Keziah—your father would not have made ducks and drakes of it."

Keziah knew that. Her father's temperament had been cold, cautious, self-denying, as was her own.

"Your father's mother was my husband's sister; but the money I enjoy comes from my side, not his; it is my own. Therefore, your family have no *right* to it, Keziah. We were friendly with your father, and I should not have forgotten him substantially in my will. But to say that Barby has any claim to consider himself my heir, is a fallacy. Do you hear?—a fallacy."

"If Barnaby cannot be helped, he must go through the Insolvent Court," spoke Miss Dawkes.

"And a good thing for him. 'Twould take down his consequence a notch or two."

"But think of the disgrace to the name, Aunt Garston."

SENDING WRITTEN PRAYERS TO HEAVEN BY BURNING THEM.

Among the curious customs of the Chinese, is that illustrated above. Of course it is desirable that prayers should ascend to heaven, and so the Chinese priest adopts the method of burning them after they have been duly written. No doubt, when practised in undoubting sincerity and earnest faith, the mode is effective—not because of the burning, but of the faith.

"It wouldn't be my name," returned the shrewd old lady. "His own and yours; but not mine."

Miss Dawkes began to think that she should be worsted in the argument. Mrs. Garston, searching her with her keen steel eyes, saw it.

"There is no earthly thing you care for in this mortal world, Keziah, except that brother of yours; apart from him, you hold no interest in it. There's only three years' difference in your ages, for he'll be six-and-twenty next month; but you seem to regard him with the indulgent love of a mother rather than of a sister. Does it do him good?"

"It does him no harm."

"I say it does do him harm. You don't see his faults, and that encourages him in his reckless folly. Whether you can't see them, or whether you wink at them, I don't pretend to judge; the effect is the same; most likely it's something of both. He goes on spending, and you go on winking."

"His means are so very shallow, Aunt Garston; the merest trifle, except his pay."

"I know his brains are shallow. You need not tell it me."

"His means, I said: his income. How can he keep straight upon it?"

"How does Thomas Kage, at the next door, keep straight upon a tithe of it?" demanded Mrs. Garston, growing fierce.—"Why, because he knows that he *must*. Don't attempt to play the sophist with me, Keziah Dawkes; it will not answer. If Barnaby had not me and my purse to turn to, he'd live within his income."

Miss Dawkes, in her private opinion, thought that was likely. At the same time, she deemed it most unreasonable and unjust for Barnaby to be expected to live within it, considering that Mrs. Garston and her purse were there. The old lady held up the fore-finger of her right hand, glittering with diamonds of the first water.

"Listen to me, Keziah. I have no wish to see Barnaby go to the dogs. He is a kinsman, and I'd rather he turned out respectably. The tack he is on is the *wrong* tack; and neither you nor I can see where it will lead him to. Let him change it; he is young enough to do so yet. But if it is persevered in till thirty's turned, the chances are that his spendthrift habits will so have mastered him that he must indulge them at any cost. Tell him this; impress it upon his mind; *let him get out of them while he may.* Heaven alone knows what the cost might be."

Could there have been a prevision in Mrs. Garston's mind as she said this? It really seemed (as things were to turn out in the future) that it was so; that she saw, as in a mirror, the chain of events to come.

Miss Dawkes saw something quite different, which she looked upon as prophetic; that by the time Barnaby was thirty years of age the old lady before her would have ceased to count years, and he be in the full enjoyment of her large fortune. In spite of these restive interludes on the part of Mrs. Garston, neither she nor her brother entertained a shadow of doubt that the money would come to him. The only doubt attaching to the matter was, how he should carry on until then.

"For this one time, dear Aunt Garston! You will help him this one time? He is almost afraid to be in the streets, lest he should get arrested."

"Dissected! Who is going to dissect him?"

"Arrested. Arrested, and put in prison."

"Prison, eh? The safest place for him. A month or two of it might bring him to his senses."

"And ruin him with his regiment. For this once, dear aunt, in mercy!"

"I will not listen to any more, Keziah. What you say can make no difference one way or the other, and you had better not put me out of humor. If I pay his debts, I pay them; if I don't, I don't; and there's an end of it. You can stay the day with me if you like, and go upstairs and take your bonnet off."

Miss Dawkes, knowing the old lady's moods, looked upon this speech altogether as a kind of concession, and was too wise to mar it. She slowly untied the strings of her bonnet, and rose.

"I saw Mrs. Annesley at the window as I came by, aunt, and went in for a minute. She says it is feared that Mr. Dunn is dying."

"Which of them?"

"The member, Herbert."

Mrs. Garston bent her ear.

"Richard Dunn was here three nights ago, with a shocking bad cold. I hope it's not him."

"It is Herbert, aunt—the one who married Miss Lydia Canterbury."

"And a fine tossed-off, bold-speaking thing *she* is!" pronounced Mrs. Garston, rapping violently; "Herbert Dunn brought her here to call after they were married; and before she had well got out of the house again she called me a scarecrow—a deaf old scarecrow. I heard of it; and I told Dicky of it, that he might let his brother know. I'm sorry for Herbert, but I've not encouraged his wife here. What's the matter with him?"

"He has been ill since before Christmas, Mrs. Annesley says—seriously so; but danger was not thought of."

"And who says there's danger now?"

"There's great danger, aunt. He was taken worse in the night, and Dr. Tyndal was called up. The doctor has desired that his relatives may be summoned; he thinks he is dying."

"Dying, dying!" angrily repeated Mrs. Garston, as if the word offended her. "One dying on this side, another born on that! I wonder what the world's coming to! Charlotte Lowther's baby arrived this morning; and that makes her ninth."

"Charlotte Lowther?" repeated Miss Dawkes, not remembering the name; "who is Charlotte Lowther, aunt?"

"Who is Charlotte Lowther? Why, Thomas Kage's sister; poor Lady Kage's stepdaughter, that she brought up like her own, and sacrificed herself to. You never know anybody, Keziah. Ring the bell."

"We have not had any acquaintance with the Kages, you know, aunt?"

"It was your loss, not theirs. Barby might take a lesson to his profit from Thomas Kage. As to Charlotte, she *would* marry Bob Lowther, and she has got her troubles through it. The man is a good husband, I believe; but I question if he makes more than six or seven hundred a-year, and everybody knows how far that goes in London."

"I remember now. He is a civil engineer?"

"He is as civil as you, at any rate," retorted Mrs. Garston. "Robert Lowther's a favorite of mine."

"I did not say he was uncivil, aunt."

"Oh, didn't you, though! I know your sneering ways, Keziah. There's nobody in the world good enough to tie Barby's shoe. You'd like to tell it me to my face. Ring that bell again."

The entrance of the servant prevented the necessity. Mrs. Garston wanted her carriage round without delay. The man felt a little surprised at the order, for it was earlier than she usually went out, but retired to transmit it.

"I am going round to Paradise-square," she explained to her grand niece. "Herbert Dunn's wife is not a courteous woman, but that's no reason why I should not inquire after him. I shall come back to luncheon; and if you like to take an airing with me afterwards, Keziah, you can."

The carriage (a very handsome equipage, with a pair of fine white horses) came to the gate, and Mrs. Garston, in her black bonnet and black silk cloak, stepped into it, and was driven away.

Warm sunshine lay on the pavements; London, for once, looked bright; some little sparrows were gayly twittering beneath the roofs, in the delusive belief that the biting frosts of winter had flown away, never to come back again.

Keziah unceremoniously drew Mrs. Garston's arm-chair in front of the fire, and put her feet on the fender. That things would go on all right she entertained no doubt; really to fear so great a catastrophe as that they would *not* never seriously entered her thoughts; only, Barby would have to be cautious how he played his cards. In the main, Keziah wished her brother would be careful in many more things than he was at present given to be.

"The old woman is right, after all," soliloquized she. "Barby only gets his debts settled that he may be at liberty to contract more. If he had *not* her fortune in prospective, it might be a bad look-out, unless he ceased spending; but he has it; she could not for shame leave it away from him, neither would she. He is the only male representative of the family living, and—"

"Captain Dawkes, ma'am."

The only male representative of the family came forward at the servant's announcement. To be correct, however, it should be stated that it was the Dawkes family alluded to, not the Garston.

Captain Dawkes was a handsome man—very handsome in his regimentals; not that he wore them to-day. His figure was fine, his features were good, with quite a carmine flush on the cheeks that his black and shining whiskers bordered. On his horse he looked more than well; seen close, as Keziah saw him now, he was less so; for the very dark eyes were too near each other, and the expression of the face was not open—defects which half the world would never detect; and Keziah made one amidst them. Blinded by partiality, she verily believed that, had he taken his place amid the gods and goddesses on Mount Olympus, the rest would have knelt and done homage to his beauty.

"Barby, is it you? Why did you come?"

"To see the grand-aunt. Is the ancient party visible?"

"She will think it a conspiracy, Barby. I here first, and you next; both of us in one day. Why did you not tell me you were coming here?"

"I may as well say, 'Why did you not tell me you were?'" returned Captain Dawkes; "and with more reason, Keziah; for you generally inform me of your probable movements for the day, and I don't often know mine."

Keziah was silent. She had intended this visit of persuasion to be kept secret from Barnaby. For his sake she would have gone to the end of the world barefoot, and thought it no sacrifice. All she could do now was to tell him of the unpropitious mood the ancient lady was betraying, and leave it to his own judgment whether he would remain to see her or not.

"The fact is, Keziah, things have come to a tolerable crisis," observed Captain Dawkes, after listening. "The sharks are after me. If it were not for the confounded mess that might come of it, I'd let myself fall into their clutches, and get locked up for a day and a night. That would bring her to her senses."

"I doubt if it would, in the sense you mean. She has been saying the best place for you would be a prison; that it would bring *you* to your senses. What are you looking at, Barby?"

Securely sheltered by the window-curtain from outside observation, Captain Dawkes had been peering up the street and down the street to satisfy himself that it was clear.

Keziah a little changed color.

"Surely you do not fear that you have been followed here!"

"Not much. It is all right, I see. Been saying a prison is the best place for me, has she? Considerate old octogenarian! But that's only her temper, Keziah. When women get to her age, they say anything. It is so unreasonable!"

"What is?"

"To live so long. In the ordinary course of events I ought to have come into my inheritance ten years ago."

Keziah did not say that Mrs. Garston had just hinted that the inheritance might be none of his, that he had no legal right or claim to it. She spared him when she could; telling him, of disagreeable news, only what could not be avoided.

"How long do you expect her to be away, Keziah? If I thought it might be better not to see her, why I'd decamp, and come in to-morrow. She—Hallo! that's Kage, I think. I want to ask him a question."

Seizing his hat, Captain Dawkes ran across the garden to the street—for these two houses were built back, not like the modern ones. Thomas Kage was passing on to his own, when he found himself called, and turned to see Barnaby Dawkes. The Captain met him with outstretched hand.

"I was awfully sorry, old fellow, to hear of your loss," he began, the deep mourning attire reminding him of it. "Forgive my laying hold of you in this manner. You know Briscoe, don't you?"

"Sam Briscoe? Yes."

"Can you give me his address?"

Mr. Kage hesitated, and then told the truth in his straightforward manner.

"I am not at liberty to give it. Briscoe is in some difficulty, you know."

"He's not in half as much difficulty as I am. Come, let's have it, Kage."

"I cannot, Captain Dawkes. It was by the merest accident that I became acquainted with his present address; he said he must trust to my good feeling and honor not to disclose it to any man living, though it were his own brother."

"Does Briscoe owe you money?"

"No."

"Well, he does *me*. It's not much, but upon my word I am so hard up that the smallest sums are of moment. If Briscoe can pay me, I know he will. I don't want to bother him."

"Give me a letter for him. I'll forward it at once."

"Very well; I'll write it now and send it in to you. But for this cross-grained, old grand-aunt of mine turning crusty, I should not need to trouble anybody. It may be a month before she comes to; and that will about land me in the Thames."

"In the Thames!"

"If I don't get money from somewhere, I must either hang or drown myself. Good-day."

Captain Dawkes turned in with a look as gloomy as his tone, and Thomas Kage passed on to his home.

Never did he put the latchkey in the lock now, and enter, but a feeling of weary desolation shot across his heart, as if the world and the house were alike steeped in gloom that admitted of no enlightenment. However he might temporarily forget his loss abroad, amid the absorbing cares of the day's business, the moment he approached his home it returned to his mind with redoubled force.

It was a curious coincidence that he should have chosen those particular words in the Bible to read to his mother that past-night—as already told of—for they were the last he ever read to her. Lady Kage died that night. When Thomas came back from carrying the news of her increased illness to Mrs. Lowther, Lady Kage was in bed, and seemed quite comfortable. She smiled when he bent over her, saying she felt so easy and happy, just as if she should be quite well in the morning. Thomas kissed her, and said he hoped she would be.

He sat up in her room. He was not easy, and could not leave her. Dorothy resented it: *she* had always sat up with her lady before; things had come to a pretty pass if Mr. Thomas must take her duties on himself. Thomas quietly replied that Dorothy might sit up too, and keep him company if she pleased. Dorothy did not please, and betook herself to an adjoining room in dudgeon.

Lady Kage dropped into a quiet sleep. He sat in the arm-chair, and kept the chamber in stillness, dropping solitary bits of coal on the fire with his noiseless hand. He thought that a night of undisturbed rest might go far to refresh and strengthen her. And the night wore on, and the little hours of the morning struck.

Lady Kage died in her sleep; so peacefully, so calmly, that her faithful son, watching by her side, knew not that the spirit had passed away.

Three weeks had elapsed since. Only three weeks. And yet it seemed to Thomas Kage, in his grief, that it was nearly half a lifetime.

Closing the hall-door, he turned into the room where they had so often sat together—the dining-parlor. There was nobody to give him a smile of welcome now. The arm-chair stood there as of yore, but it was vacant; vacant for ever.

Dorothy came in, looking rather more grim than usual in her black, to know if he wanted anything. He was left sole executor to his mother, and business connected with the various arrangements had brought him home on occasions in the middle of the day. No, he wanted nothing.

"Mrs. Lowther's going on well; and the boy's as fine a boy as need be; I've been round to see," jerked out Dorothy, who always seemed to speak as if she were at variance with the world and the listener.

"I know," said Thomas. "I called there this morning."

"And I've took in the news to Mrs. Garston, sir."

"All right, Dorothy."

Dorothy shut the door with a sharp click. And her master, opening a secretaire, set himself to examine some papers in it. His good countenance was pale to-day; looking like that of a man who had some special grief upon him. Grief, it was, in truth; he had so tenderly loved his mother. But no remorse was mingled with it. Well would it be for us all had we performed our duties lovingly and faithfully to those gone on before, as had Thomas Kage! There would be less of bitter regret in the world.

Lady Kage had expressed a wish to her son that he should continue to occupy the house for twelve months; and for this she had provided in her will; paying the rent for that time, paying also Dorothy's wages. The greater portion of the furniture, he found, was left to him; a little of it only going to Charlotte. Matters in the household were already reorganized. One of the maids was discharged; the other remained with Dorothy; and Thomas Kage was the sole master.

The future presented itself to his view in an indistinct form; something like a picture with a veil over it. Whether he should rise rapidly in his profession, or get only bread-and-cheese at it for years and years, as but too many do, he knew not. It was a lottery at best. On very rare occasions, he would see, as in a glimpse, a vision of success: the old house renovated, ease prevailing, and a sweet form sitting beside the chair that had been his mother's. It's realization was so very improbable, that he wondered whether he was becoming foolish for anticipating such a thing. Nevertheless, it caused his heart to beat and his cheek to glow.

Meanwhile, a hitch occurred in the business that had taken him to Aberton, and he began to doubt whether there would be any necessity to go down again. In which case, he should have no plea for a second visit to Chilling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

War.

George T. Angell writes from Europe to "Our Dumb Animals:"—I came here with a common American idea that the average Englishman is cold-blooded, overbearing, bound to red tape and senseless forms, with ridiculous impressions of his own importance, one open to no argument but force, and into whose head convictions must be beaten. I have changed my mind. For the past few weeks I have been mingling constantly with the men, women, and children of the great middling classes, who compose the body of England and Scotland. I have found them orderly, law-abiding, ready to do kindness, expressing kind feelings towards our country, good fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, husbands, and wives. I have found great respect for public worship, and all good things,—the streets of cities on Lord's day almost as quiet as a country village; in their houses happy, healthy, ruddy faces, flowers, pictures, and birds; at the great Derby races, the other day, with half a million of people present, less rowdyism than I have seen at home at some country musters. American as I am, and proud as I am of my country, I doubt much whether our average of honesty, morality, and religion, reverence for God and love for man, is higher than that of the middling classes in England and Scotland. I need not speculate upon the probabilities, pecuniarily, of a conflict between this people and ourselves, whether we should be stronger or England weaker for the loss of Canada or Ireland. I need not count her tremendous navy, and almost innumerable mercantile marine, easily armed. I need not picture the cost and devastation each might inflict, but I ask in the name of humanity whether it is necessary that two great Christian nations, praying every night and morning to the same God, and looking forward to a common inheritance in the same Heaven, shall be plunged, now or at any future period, into a fratricidal war? For the sake of humanity and civilization, our common objects here, and our common hope hereafter, God forbid! I know nothing of that statesmanship which seeks to aggrandize one nation at the expense of another. I see no reason why three impartial men cannot settle questions between nations as well as individuals. But if all other means were to fail, I for one would say, let us pay all losses ourselves, send a receipted bill to England, and hand down to posterity the noblest example a nation ever set. We are strong and rich. The world knows it. We can afford to be generous.

Care of the Watch.

1. Do not make a toy of it for yourself or the children. Never open it except for necessary purposes.

2. It should be regulated to about mean temperature, and always kept as near the same temperature as possible.

3. It should not be allowed to stop. Better that it be kept running all the time.

4. Keep it in as uniform a position as possible. If in the pocket, better that the pendant ring be upright.

5. Out of the pocket, if it hangs on the wall, let it be upon some soft surface. Never allow it to lie on bare marble or other hard surface. If it lie on any surface, let it be with face up and pendant ring turned under, so as to keep the upper part most elevated.

6. Let your key fit exactly, and be kept perfectly clean. By the former you may save breaking chains, mainsprings, ratchets, clicks, &c.; by the latter, prevent introducing much dust.

7. Wind, if possible, at the same hour each day.

8. While winding, hold your watch steadily in your left hand. Turn only your key, and that firmly, evenly, avoiding all quick motions or jerks.

9. Set your watch with a key; never turn the hands by any other way. You may turn the hands either way without danger, if they do not move very hard.

10. On regulating a watch, should it be going too fast, move the regulator a trifle toward the "slow," and if going slow, to the reverse; you cannot move the regulator too gently at a time, and the only inconvenience that can arise is, that you may have to perform that duty more than once.

11. Take notice that your watch, even if a good one, will sometimes be guilty of "irregularities" in consequence of change of temperature, from the effects of which none but a chronometer is exempt; also from the jerks and jars of travel.

12. If you find any difficulty which you do not understand, go at once to a good watchmaker.—*Kemlo's Watch Repairer's Guide.*

☞ The Middleborough Gazette says that the announcement of the marriage of Miss Minnie Warren to Commodore Nutt has proved to be premature, at least. Miss Warren has not been, is not, and it is not known that she will be, married to Commodore Nutt. She is with her parents in Middleborough.

☞ A sportsman hunting through the wilds of Michigan, came the other day upon the decomposed body of a man hanging in the air, half eaten by wildcats. The unknown had stepped in a bear trap, which had caught his right ankle, and springing back jerked him several feet off the ground, where he had hung, head downward, until a lingering death ended his sufferings.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00.** One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$3.00.** Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 33 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

INDUCEMENTS.

In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

The Last of the Incas.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

AGAIN.—Notwithstanding our recent request that the publishers of New York and Boston should credit the stories that they take from the LADY'S FRIEND, we are compelled to call attention to another omission.

In a late number of "EVERY SATURDAY," published by Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., and also in a late number of "HARPER'S BAZAR," we find the story of "BEHIND A SOFA," written for the LADY'S FRIEND by our gifted contributor August Bell.

We know well that our friends in Boston and New York cannot do better than to republish from THE LADY'S FRIEND, but in all fairness, they should give the usual credit not only to the Magazine but to the author.

☞ It is said that fruit-trees planted in timbered land will come into bearing sooner than those planted on prairie land, but the latter will continue fruitful much longer than the former.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The following curious particulars respecting the honors with which the dancer Celeste was received on one of her American tours, we find in an English magazine:

"Never, perhaps, was actress, singer, or dancer so truly idolised by 'our American cousin' as is the gifted subject of this memoir. In further and hitherto unprecedented token of their admiration of her *unique* talent, it was decided *by the Congress assembled at New York in 1836 to present her with the freedom of their city, and at Washington she had the honor of being presented by Gen. Jackson to the Cabinet to receive the congratulations of the ministers on her election as an American citizen.* When she quitted the country of which she had become the darling, more than a thousand persons accompanied her to the ship, which set sail amidst deafening cheers for 'Celeste, the nation's favorite.'"

We were entirely ignorant of the above facts, until we saw them in the London magazine referred to.

MAMMOTHS AND MEGATHERIUMS.

BY FRANK BRET HARTE.

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is
Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful
games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know
about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

But first I would remark that it's not a
proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow
man.
And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see,
Than the first six months' proceedings of
that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of
fossil bones,
That he found within the tunnel near the
tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From these same bones an animal, that was
extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones
were one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and
said his greatest fault
Was that he had been trespassing on Jones'
family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr.
Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out
the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific
gent
To say another is an ass—at least to all intent:
Nor should the individual who happens to
be meant,
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great
extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's, raised a point
of order when,
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in
the abdomen;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and
curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested
him no more.

Then, in less time than I write, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age,
And the way they heaved those fossils in
their anger was a sin,
And the skull of an old monarch caved the
head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name
is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I
know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

Infinity.

It has been often said that the mind of man is incapable of comprehending the infinite. This may be true in a certain sense, because we may entertain reasonable doubts whether we really and fully understand *anything.* But for my own part, as far as the visible universe is concerned, I feel much less difficulty in comprehending its infinity than in conceiving that it can possibly be finite.

As to space: Can we by any effort imagine the existence of a boundary, a blank wall, an impassable limit, where there is no further extension of space? Where a winged messenger or angel, sent on the errand of penetrating deeper into space, would have to turn back because there was no more space to penetrate? No; we cannot figure to ourselves such a final limit to the extent of the universe, such a ring-fence enclosing all things created. It is far easier both to grant and to understand that space *must* be infinitely extensible.

Then again, as to time: We cannot conceive its actual stoppage. The events by which we measure time, the motions of the heavenly bodies might alter, nay, might even cease; the planets might all fall into the sun, suns might coalesce or group together, making new heavens and new earths, still there would be a change, a progress, which is only another mode and manifestation of time. Even supposing (what is impossible to suppose) that no more motion or event took place in the universe—that the great All were still, stagnant, and dead—time nevertheless, that is to say eternity, would not cease. Immortal beings would yet possess and enjoy an everlasting NOW of life and happiness. Here also we can more readily admit the infinite than conceive the finite.

☞ A young German merchant of Boston lately asked a young lady in Austria a very interesting question, and received the "happy yes" by the Atlantic cable. A Vienna paper, in chronicling the fact, says: "Perhaps the bride and bridegroom may exchange in the same way their first kisses, which would be electrifying indeed."

The Minnesota Tornado.

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN CARRIED AWAY BY THE WIND.

About twelve miles south-west from here, in the town of Raymond, in Stearns county, was the dwelling house of a well-to-do and respectable farmer, Mr. Richard Richardson, formerly of Rice county, in this state. At the time of the commencement of the storm, on Friday night, he and his family were quietly enjoying their home, with others of the neighborhood who were stopping over night with them. About twelve o'clock Mr. Richardson remarked to his wife that he feared they would have a hard storm. Before he could arouse the family or even make any preparations himself, the tornado burst upon them with such force as to tear to pieces and scatter about for a distance of a quarter of a mile the entire house and its contents together with the inmates.

There were at the time twelve persons in the building, the most of them up-stairs asleep. It was a block or log-house, 16x24, one and a-half stories high, well dove-tailed at the corners and pinned with two-inch oak pins. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and one small child alone remained in the ruins of the house. John, the eldest son, 23 years old, was carried thirty-four rods and dropped on the ground, so badly bruised and mangled that there is but little hope of his recovery. George, the second son, 13 years old, was also carried thirty rods, and had his right ankle broken, the bone protruding through the flesh. He is also badly bruised in many places. Willie, the third son, 8 years of age, was borne some thirty rods, and hurled to the ground so badly injured that he lived only a few moments. Two other children, little girls, were taken from their bed, twisted up in their bed clothing, and dropped on the opposite side of the building from the rest, unharmed. Mrs. R. received some injuries on and about the head and face, but nothing serious. This is about the extent of the injuries received by the family of Mr. R. Miss Anna Wilson, a school teacher, stopping at the house of Mr. R., having some fears at the time, had risen, dressed, and was sitting up when the wind struck the building. She was carried away with the rest, mixed in with broken pieces of timber, boxes, barrels, cupboards; trunks, bedding, and furniture, and the entire contents of the upper part of the house thirty-seven rods, and deposited in the wheat field. She was so badly bruised that there is little hope of her recovery. Liberty Raymond, 22 years old, eldest son of L. B. Raymond, from whom the town of Raymond takes its name, was among the unfortunate. He was carried about the same distance as Mr. R.'s eldest son, and so badly mangled that he only survived a short time. The scene at the house when the daylight came, is much easier imagined than described. Mr. R. being the only one left after the disaster to collect in the dead and dying, and to care for the injured ones. After looking for and finding the most of them in the midnight gloom, it being very dark and stormy, he proceeded to the neighbors to give the alarm and procure assistance. All of the medical aid was soon on the road to the scene of distress. Drs. Canfield and McMasters, assisted by Rev. Mr. Stewart, were on the ground as soon as horses could carry them there.—*Sauk Centre Correspondence of the St. Cloud Journal.*

Tree Trunks.

A paragraph has been round the scientific papers stating that a French naturalist has been measuring the tree-trunks in a forest, and has found them all broader in the east-west than in the north-south direction: the causes of the unsymmetry being ascribed, not very obviously, to the rotation of the earth. Well, another French Arborist has been similarly gauging the trees in the neighborhood of Toulouse, and he finds that the greatest swelling of their trunks is towards the east-southeast point of the compass. The explanation offered by this second investigator is more philosophical than that of his predecessor. He refers the deformation to the early morning sun, which warms the easterly parts of the tree more suddenly than the rest, stimulates the flow of the sap, which grows sluggish during the cool of night, and draws up the nourishing moisture from the soil in greater abundance on the excited side than on those portions of the trunk where the warming is more gradual and its effects less active. Naturally, increased vitality of one side, be it animal or plant, results in development, or larger growth of that side. There are traditions of some plants turning their flowers towards the sun; the truth may be that the sun only promotes the growth of those blossoms upon which it sheds its direct warmth. As Dulong said, every degree of the thermometer entails a law of nature.

☞ TOMATO WORMS.—An Illinois paper utters this timely warning:—"People at this season should look out for the large worm which infests the tomato vines. Its sting is deadly poison. It is of a green color, two or three inches long, and as large as a man's finger. At Red Creek, Wayne county, a few days ago, a servant girl, while gathering tomatoes, received a puncture from one of these worms, which created a sensation similar to that of a bee sting. In a short time the poison penetrated to every part of her system, and she was thrown into spasms which ended in death."

☞ A wedding took place at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, the other day, the parties being a widower who was about to perpetrate matrimony the third time, and a widow who had invested her affections for the second time. When the prospective husband walked into the parlor with the "Squire," the widow was seated reading a novel. She got up, joined, hands, and transferred her devoted heart and fortune to husband No. 2, and he promised to be a faithful "lovyer" to wife No. 3. When the ceremony was over, the wife sat down, picked up the novel, and remarking—"Now I'll go on with my story;" gave no further attention to husband, magistrate, or spectators.

☞ Louisa Muhlbach, the novelist, recently received a magnificent silver tea-set from some of her American admirers.

☞ General Karney, of Keokuk, has the largest vineyard in Iowa. In two different enclosures, within two and a half miles of Keokuk, he has seventy-one acres set in grape vines with fine oak posts and wire to train them on. He has expended in all some $35,000 on his vineyard, and in enclosing the grounds, building tenant-houses, &c.

☞ The subject of Tennyson's new poem is the old German legend of the "Quest of the Holy Grail." (The cup used by the Saviour at the last supper.)

A Model Romance.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I have been down in the country for a nine day's wonder.

You will be interested to learn that the grass is getting green, and that the arbutus and liverwort are blossoming respectively pink and green.

I amused myself with the athletic spade and the copious watering-pot in a friend's garden, and have waxed fat and saucy thereupon.

But gardening, pursued constantly for some days, creates a desire for rest and tranquillity, so I varied my exercises, during the latter part of my stay, by reading sundry old novels and a batch of back numbers of Harper's Magazine.

From these works I discovered that young ladies of refined culture whose parents die and whose guardians fraudulently deprive them of their handsome fortunes, become governesses at once.

I believe I have hinted at this fact in a previous paper; but my recent studies show me that the frequency of such cases is much greater than I had supposed.

Indeed, all the old novels, and four-fifths of the magazine stories were founded upon that fact.

The mortality among parents, and the depravity among guardians is really alarming. Something ought to be done about it.

While perusing the gentle and highly moral efforts above mentioned, it occurred to me that I, as a literary person, had never fulfilled my duty to society by writing a romance wherein the heroine became a governess.

At the same moment, with that supernal cleverness of inspiration which has ever distinguished me, I constructed, on the spot, an entirely new and original climax for such a story.

It will be difficult for you to believe that even the mind of a McArone could find a novel denouement for a theme so frequently used; but I beg you will simply read this tale that follows, and to candidly own whether or no the sweet and innocuous tolerably young woman who writes for magazines, or the austere Southern matron who used to throw off a novel a year, ever brought their governess to the startling position in which I leave mine when the curtain falls.

Here goes.

CHAPTER I.

It was a night of August, 1804, that a gray-haired and respectable lieutenant of the Irish navy sat in the forechains of the frigate Sunburst, keeping watch.

The vessel lay in the harbor of Havana, but the city lights were almost hidden by the snow and sleet that drove thick upon the pitiless blast, and the thunderous crash and crackle of the ice against the sterile Cuban beach.

Day at last broke upon the dismal scene.

The aged lieutenant arose from the forechains, shut up his telescope, blew out the binnacle lights, and called:

"Watch, watch, watch!"

The dog watch came, and the wearied officer retired to his cabin to refresh himself with slumber.

Ah, little did he know of what was about to befall him in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

During his sleep he died—cruelly murdered.

The same hand that slew him then fired the goodly ship.

She was soon a sheet of flames, went on her beam ends, burst her boiler, burnt to low water mark, and sunk. Vessel and cargo a total loss. Insurance unknown.

Turn we to other scenes.

CHAPTER III.

A gentleman of wealth and distinction, living near Patchogue, L. I., was walking up and down his apartments, clad in a splendid dressing-gown of gold brocade, and slippers of sheep's fur.

He passed his jeweled fingers through the curls that clustered about his lily white brow and murmured convulsively:

"I am the guardian of Lady Eveleen. Her father was murdered. I had charge of her fortune. I have lost it at draw-poker. I now intend to marry her, in order to conceal the loss. This is the dreadful mystery that embitters my life. Not a soul must know it. That's why I speak of it now, aloud, to myself."

At this moment the door opened as if by magic—the usual custom of doors in romance—and a young man with auburn hair and a bull-terrier pup entered.

"Good-morning, John," said he; "how are you now?"

"I am wretched, Adolphus," replied the other.

"You have, then, a secret sorrow?"

"I have. In vain I dance and sing to drive away dull care. I go a fishing, and the fish don't bite. I seek nepenthe on the road, but it's a hard road to travel; I hoe in the garden, but it's hard row to hoe; I whistle at the plough, but the plough won't come. All is empty!"

Adolphus gazed at a black bottle that reposed on the etagere.

"It is?" said he, mysteriously.

"Now what would you advise me to do?" asked John.

"By my troth," responded his friend, "I should say that the charms of the hymeneal life might dissipate your gloom. The Lady Eveleen is more than passing fair, and is of age to wed. Why not fling your name and fortune at her fairy feet and bide the issue at her smiling lips. Good-sooth indeed it is meet to win a gladsome prize!"

He didn't know precisely what he meant by this last expression, but, like other characters in novels, thought he might say anything that sounded well.

"Adolphus," said John, "I will do it!"

The friends stood long in silent embrace, with tears coursing down their noses, while the bull-terrier pup nipped the calves of their legs playfully.

CHAPTER IV.

The Lady Eveleen sat in a second story bower with folding-doors. Vases of purple porphyry gleamed darkly through the weird obscurity which fell from the dead sheen of crimson curtains, and a he bulbul, in a cage of golden filagree, sang mournful memories of the rose-gardens of sunny Labrador. A crystal chalice of pellucid water hung by the cage, and from it the bulbul occasionally sluiced his melodious gob.

"How are you, bulbul?" said the Lady Eveleen, archly.

And the bird, who had just heard of the fall of Richmond, cleared his throat, and without apology, sang.

Hardly had the bird finished its exquisite strain, when the door of Eveleen's bower flew open, also as if by magic, and her guardian entered.

"Will you marry me?" said he.

"Oh, go 'way!" said she.

"Eveleen, I mean it;" he went on, in a voice tremulous with passion; "I love you as no man ever loved no woman, and if you do not bid me hope, I shall be real mad."

"Sir," said she, "you flatter me by your preference—but I'd rather not."

"You love another," he muttered, hoarsely; "you know you do."

"You speak truly," she said, while a tender crimson like that of a young radish overspread her delicately chiseled cheek; "I cannot give you a heart that is not mine. I have—a sort of sneaking notion—for—for Adolphus!"

"No! Pshaw!"

"I hayve!"

"'Tis hopeless. Even now he advised me to wed you."

"He did! Then it is, alas, too true! Woe is me!"

She then tore her hair until her waterfall was in danger of coming off, when she desisted.

CHAPTER V.

A cold, stern-faced man stood on a bleak hill-side watching the angry sunset. He was pale, and careworn—one of those men whose faces you will remember if you see them often enough.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully up the hill, with an expression in his eyes like that of a man who seeks for nothing, and finds it.

At his heels waddled a fat bull-terrier pup with pink eyes.

Ha! you have already guessed that this man is Adolphus!

The north wind blew chill, and seemed to wail with a saddened voice! He wondered, with a vague unrest, whether, if the wind were conscious, it might not know things that he didn't know; and whether it were of any use to know things that the wind, if it were not conscious, couldn't know, and so forth.

He thought all this, because he was that kind of a man.

When he reached the top of the hill he burst into tears.

"It cannot be," he said, "she loves me, but how can I make her mine? Her guardian loves her to madness; he is my friend; honor forbids me to see her more. My lot is hard—aye, harder than hinges!"

He kicked the dog to conceal the emotion which unmanned him. Then he strode rapidly away down the hill, and was lost to sight.

And the sun went on setting just as before in its couch of angry flaming clouds, and the wind wailed more sadly as the purple shadows of night crept up that now deserted hillside.

CHAPTER VI.

The Lady Eveleen sat on the shore of the doubtful and mysterious ocean, and its waves chased each other playfully up, as if to kiss her fairy foot.

When I say foot, I mean feet: but we novelists consider the singular number more elegant, in such cases.

All of a sudden, the fair girl continued to sit on the sands, gazing upon the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted, ah, who can tell with how much of joy and sorrow, and pine lumber, and emigrants, and hopes, and salt fish.

At this moment, a black shadow gradually fell athwart the tawny sands, and rested on the book which Eveleen held listlessly in her lap.

She looked up, and started with affright. Her guardian stood before her.

"Alone here, Eveleen!" he murmured in low and musical tones, like the first tremulous notes of an accordeon touched by a master-hand.

"I am," she said.

"Once more," he added murmuringly, "I ask you, will you ever be thus alone, or will you thread life's pleasant path with me?"

She was about to reply in English, when she reflected that she had, thus far, used no French phrases, without which no romance can be complete now-a-day.

"*Je eterai seule*," she said with emphasis, "*je le jurr par le saint tissonnier de Moise!*"

"Consider well," he said, "you won't have any more chances."

"I don't want any more chances," replied she. "I tell you, once for all, that I will not wed with you!"

He scratched his head thoughtfully with his little finger.

"I am your guardian," said he at length. "I command you to marry me!"

She sprang to her feet, turned her large tobacco-colored eyes towards heaven, and placed her snowy hand on the jeweled hilt of a poignard, such as heroines usually carry in their bosoms.

"One step nearer," she said, "and we both perish by this highly-tempered and carefully whetted blade! I scorn you! Death before dishonor? Ha, ha, ha—a—a!"

The wily monster recoiled in horror from the beautiful but wrathful phantom he had himself aroused.

She seized the opportunity and flew to a boat which had been left, quite conveniently, on the shore; stepped in, took an oar, and paddled far out upon the raging billows.

"I guess I've rather got you now!" she shrieked, and laughed with cruel glee to see her guardian fall swooning upon the beach.

CHAPTER VII.

Penniless, desperate, a voluntary exile from her luxurious home, the Lady Eveleen paddled her light bark manfully onward till she arrived in Liverpool.

It there occurred to her that it was high time for her to succumb to the fate of her class, and to become a governess.

She accordingly rang at the door of a palatial mansion in the most aristocratic portion of the city, and asked to see the lady of the house.

The servant showed her into the parlor where a middle-aged woman sat, magnificently dressed, reading a novel, and caressing a King Charles spaniel; the only two occupations of any lady who desires a governess.

"Do you wish," said Eveleen, stifling all feelings of pride (for she, too, could read a novel and caress a spaniel as well as the next woman) "do you wish, Madame, to engage a governess?"

"No, I b'lieve I don't want nobody just now," replied the lady.

"You should say, 'I don't want anybody,' Madame," said Eveleen.

"Well, child," the lady said, looking up, "you seem to have a superior education. I'll engage you at once."

CHAPTER VIII.

A year rolled by.

One morning, Eveleen went to a grocery to buy some herrings for lunch, and the grocer wrapped them in an old newspaper. On arriving at home, my heroine meditatively consumed her fish, and read scraps of news from the paper half unconsciously, till she came to this item:

"AMERICAN DUEL.—The New York papers relate the story of a man named John, who had a young lady ward, whom he wished to marry. She confessed her love for a friend of his, named Adolphus, and fled to avoid her guardian's persecutions. Recently, John challenged Adolphus, and the two met at Hoboken, where, after exchanging seventy-nine shots, each without effect, Adolphus's pistol exploded and blew his head off. John is missing."

Now most girls would have fainted, or ruptured a blood-vessel, or died of heart disease, or gone into a rapid decline, on learning such news. But Eveleen was not common clay, and moreover, I have promised to bring this story to a purely original end. I have had no difficulty with it, so far; having, in fact, written it with one hand, as easy as smoking a pipe. Let me hasten to make a finish.

Eveleen, after reading the intelligence of Adolphus's death, quietly but sadly ate the last herring, and then calling her youthful charges, went on being a governess, and made a very good one indeed.

Seasonable Suggestions.

The Royal Humane Society has issued the following, which may be important to bathers: "Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue, or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing naked on the banks or in boats, after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air, if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young, and those that are weak, had better bathe three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

☞ Mr. C. R. Fuller states, in the Rural New Yorker, that his father killed a horse by administering sassafras tea by turning it from a bottle into the animal's nose. On opening the horse its lungs were found full of the tea.

☞ An Augusta, Georgia, negro who had made a Fourth of July speech which was reported, in common with other speeches, in one of the papers of the place, called upon the editor, in a particularly angry mood, to learn why he was called a negro while the speaker that followed him was specified as "colored." The editor explained that it was done to avoid tautology. At the word tautology the negro's countenance assumed a bland expression, and his anger vanished. He didn't know the meaning of the word, but its euphony and its mystery (to him) were sufficient. He thought it a huge compliment.

☞ A young man in St. Joseph, Mo., has commenced a suit against a young lady for obtaining goods under false pretences. The articles in question were presents made during an engagement now broken off.

☞ Among the passengers by the Great Western Railway ferry-boat at Detroit, a few days since, was a cronish old woman, who had no sooner reached the dock than she fell on her knees, and taking from her pocket a cracker, proceeded to break up and scatter it about her, all the time mumbling some strange incantation. On being interrogated, she replied that she performed the ceremony because for the first time landing in a new kingdom she would be liable to sickness and accidents without any appease to the spirits.

☞ DESTRUCTIVE RATS.—The Chicago grain elevators are said to harbor ten thousand rats apiece, and it is estimated that these vermin eat up four hundred thousand dollars' worth of grain and flour annually. There is consequently a loud call for the invention of a rat-proof building.

☞ A woman at a dispensary applied for medical aid, stating her disease to be flirtation of the heart. "Not an uncommon ailment with your sex, ma'am," said the doctor, with a twinkle of the eye, "but it is not dangerous if the proper remedy is applied."

☞ The consumption of beer in Munich and throughout all Bavaria is something wonderful. It is emphatically the national beverage, employing something like six thousand establishments, which make over a hundred million gallons every year, and, though lightly taxed, the amount from this source paid into the Treasury is more than one-half of the entire revenue of this prosperous kingdom. The banks of the Main produce good wines, but beer is the universal drink, given to the women, and to children from their earliest infancy almost. Drunkenness notwithstanding is said to be of rare occurrence.

☞ Dr. Boehm, a celebrated German surgeon, has just performed the operation of separating two female children, five years of age, who were joined together in the same manner as the Siamese twins. The German papers state that the operation was attended with perfect success; but one of the patients seems to have died the same day. The survivor is in good health.

☞ At the ordination in Illinois of a son of Rev. Edward Beecher, D. D., the candidate was solemnly "charged" as follows: "I charge you never to forget that you are the son of your father, the grandson of your grandfather, and the nephew of your uncle." Is he not also the nephew of his aunt?

☞ THE MARKETS. Ladies' hair has an upward tendency.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT will effect a cure in cases of Gout and Rheumatism after all other remedies have failed. Be not deceived, ye who suffer with these racking pains—this salve is your only hope.

Huge Milliners' Bills.

The dressmaker's account which the Princess of Metternich submitted to her husband a few weeks ago, before leaving Paris, was of 112,000 francs ($22,000). Unlike Prince Bariatinski, who last month flatly refused to pay 10,000 francs ($2,000) for a "*petite toilette de matin en crepe de Chine*," his excellency, the Austrian Ambassador, opened his purse like a prince. Madame la Princess then produced the bonnet bill, which amounted to 2,250 francs ($500). This his excellency paid again, remarking this time, with exemplary resignation, "My dear, I have noticed that in proportion as your bonnets diminish in size the price of them increases. One of these mornings we shall be having the milliner bringing nothing but the bill."

The Great Medical Mistake

Of former days was an utter neglect of sanitary precautions. No efficient means were adopted for the prevention of sickness. Sewerage was unknown in cities; drainage was rarely attempted in the country. Heaps of offal were left to rot in the public streets, and domestic cleanliness, the great antidote to febrile diseases, was sadly neglected. It is not so now. Wise laws, philanthropic institutions, and a vigilant sanitary police, have, to a great extent, remedied the evil. Nor is this all. Preventive medication has helped materially to lessen the rates of mortality. It is not too much to say that tens of thousands escape sickness in unhealthy seasons in consequence of having invigorated their systems in advance by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This pure and powerful vegetable tonic and alterative comprises the extracts and essences of a variety of roots and herbs, renowned for their strengthening, soothing, vitalizing and purifying properties. These medicinal agents are incorporated with a spirit absolutely free from the acrid poison which defiles, more or less, all the liquors of commerce, and their effect is diffused through the whole frame by this active, yet harmless stimulant. The result is such a condition of the system as renders it *all but impervious* to the exterior causes of disease, such as damp, fog, sudden alterations of temperature, &c. Strength, and the perfect regularity of all the functions of the body, are the best safeguards against atmospheric poison and the effects of unwholesome water, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the best strengthening and regulating medicine at present known. For dyspepsia and biliousness they are a specific absolute. aug7-4t

TO KEEP UP SASH WINDOWS.—This is performed by means of cork, in the simplest manner, and with scarcely any expense. Bore three or four holes in the sides of the sash, into which insert common bottle corks, projecting about the sixteenth of an inch. These will press against the window-frames along the usual groove, and by their elasticity support the sash at any height required.

Important Notice.

Farmers, families, and others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Colic, and Sea Sickness, taken internally—(it is perfectly harmless; see oath accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Mosquito Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back, and Chest. The Venetian Liniment was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many stating, if it was ten dollars a bottle they would not be without it. Thousands of certificates can be seen at the depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Price, fifty cents and one dollar. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. aug7-4t

☞ A rather singular phase of the old-fashioned parish usages of the Puritanic forefathers has just come to light in the staid and sober town of Hanover, Mass. The Rev. Mr. Freeman was settled a pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society some fifteen years ago. Mr. F., in his zeal to promote the Master's cause, made himself obnoxious to some of the young men, by strenuously opposing the use of the Town Hall for balls and kindred gatherings. Thereupon the young men sought revenge in an unheard-of and novel manner. Not having sufficient grace to join the church, they applied for admission to the parish, where grace is not considered a requisite for membership. They were received and all went smoothly until the recent annual parish meeting, when the new members voted not to raise anything the coming year for the payment of the pastor's salary, thus virtually and summarily dismissing the gentleman from the duties of his office.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ The New York Sun suggests that only Chinese laborers should be employed during the heated term, for the reason that they are coolies.

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-2m

☞ Where ought the milk of human kindness to be found? Within the *pale* of the church.

ASTHMA, Rose Colds, Hay Fever, &c., no sufferer should be without *JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA. It is an unfailing cure for* these distressing complaints. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., sole proprietors, Boston. Sold by all druggists. jy31-3t

To Clear a Room of Mosquitoes.

A writer in a South Carolina paper, says—"I have tried the following, and found it works like a charm: Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel, holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room, and expel the mosquitoes. One night I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought of and tried the above, after which, I never saw nor heard them that night, and next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night." [We should fear the remedy would be as bad as the mosquitoes.]—*Ed. Post.*

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a teaspoonful of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills,

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

aug7-4t

☞ One of the most fashionable "lions" of Paris, Count de L——, has just had a lover's quarrel with one of its most fashionable "lionesses," Mme. de X——. The count is much too elegant a man not to be bald; in fact, he has no more hair on the top of his head than Old Uncle Ned or a billiard-ball. When the ex-lovers had returned each other, with tears and tragic sobs, their letters and their portraits, their gifts and souvenirs—"seals of love, but sealed in vain"—Madame de X—— closed the dread colloquy with this parting shot: "There is one blessing, at least, about all this," said the consolable Lydia, "one hasn't to send you back any locks of hair!"

Interesting to Ladies.

I have, for eight years, used in my family and business (millinery and dress-making), a Grover & Baker Machine, and do unhesitatingly pronounce it the best machine in use. I have thoroughly tested several of the lock-stitch machines, and they are far inferior to the Grover & Baker. It is simple in construction, easily run, and makes no noise; the stitch is elastic and will wash without breaking, which I can say of no other machine.—*Mrs. E. L. H. Penfield, Milliner, Titusville, Pa.*

☞ A California lawyer, recently, after stating a proposition, said, "May it please your honor—I'll bet a hundred dollars and stake the money, that what I say is good law." The attorney on the other side declined to bet, and argument was admitted by the court to be unanswerable.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of July, by the Rev. T. M. Cunningham, D. D., THOMAS W. ACKLEY to Miss JENNIE BELLENBAUGH, both of this city.

On the 5th of May, by the Rev. T. W. Simpers, Mr. GEORGE A. COTTON to Miss EMMA C. REYNOLDS, both of this city.

On the 26th of July, by the Rev. R. M. Matlack, Mr. GEORGE W. LOCKWOOD, of New York city, to Mrs. MARY J. SIMPSON, of this city.

On the 27th of July, by the Rev. Samuel E. Smith, Mr. GEORGE W. WILSON to Miss MARY E. SIMONS, both of this city.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. RICHARD F. RANDOLPH, of this city, to Miss JENNIE SNYDER, of Stockton, N. J.

On the 22d of July, by the Rev. Joseph Mason, Mr. WILLIAM D. GIBSON to Miss ELIZABETH S. WELSH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of July, CAROLINE, wife of John Foster, in her 26th year.

On the 27th of July, CLARA AMELIA, wife of Henry Herman, aged 21 years.

On the 26th of July, JOHN L. MCCANLES, in his 33d year.

On the 26th of July, CHARLES F. BROWN, aged 33 years.

On the 25th of July, GEORGE W. KERR, in his 29th year.

On the 26th of July, in Burlington, N. J., JOSEPH P. DEACON, in his 67th year.

On the 25th of July, ANNA MARGARETTA, wife of Wm. Barrington, in her 26th year.

On the 24th of July, JOHN THOMPSON, in his 69th year.

On the 24th of July, Capt. J. ROBINSON, in his 82d year.

AMY'S LOVE-LETTER.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

Turning some papers carelessly
That were hid away in a desk unused,
I came upon something yesterday
O'er which I pondered and mused:—

A letter, faded now and dim,
And stained in places, as if by tears;
And yet I had hardly thought of him
Who traced its pages for years.

Though once the happy tears made dim
My eyes, and my blushing cheeks grew hot,
To have but a single word from him,
Fond or foolish, no matter what.

If he ever quoted another's rhymes,
Poor in themselves and commonplace,
I said them over a thousand times,
As if he had lent them a grace.

The single color that pleased his taste
Was the only one I would have, or wear,
Even in the girdle about my waist,
Or the ribbon that bound my hair.

Then my flowers were the self same kind and hue;
And yet how strangely one forgets—
I cannot think which one of the two
It was, or roses or violets!

But oh, the visions I knew and nursed,
While I walked in a world unseen before!
For my world began when I knew him first,
And must end when he came no more.

We would have died for each other's sake;
Would have given all else in the world below;
And we said and thought that our hearts would break
When we parted, years ago.

How the pain as well as the rapture seems
A shadowy thing I scarce recall,
Passed wholly out of my life and dreams,
As though it never had been at all.

And is this the end, and is here the grave
Of our steadfast love and our changeless faith,
About which the poets sing and rave,
Naming it strong as death?

At least 'tis what mine has come to at last,
Stript of all charm and all disguise;
And I wonder if, when he thinks of the past,
He thinks we were foolish or wise?

Well, I am content, so it matters not;
And, speaking about him, some one said—
I wish I could only remember what—
But he's either married or dead.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

The manufacture of artificial human eyes is a distinct profession of which Paris, I am told, has the monopoly. The ocularist-enamellers, as they call themselves, of that city have invariably more work on hand than they can accomplish to time, although their number is by no means inconsiderable. First of all, there are ten or twelve principal manufacturers of these clever substitutes for the natural visual organ, and there are between one and two hundred workmen and women in their employ, almost all of whom are well off, or on the way to become so. It is true that English and American enamellers have tried to compete with their Parisian brethren, but never successfully. "You see, sir," said one of the most celebrated Paris ocularists to me lately, "the English have not sufficient taste to exercise this trade. The eyes they try to make for human beings are only fit for stuffed animals."

It must be confessed that Parisian artificial eyes have not only great transparency and a well imitated humidity, but have at times so tender or so lively an expression, that any one might be deceived by them and take them for real. One thing is quite certain, that those who have had the misfortune to lose an eye are very well content with the substitute provided for them, which answers every purpose, except the important one of seeing, for every week there are between four and five hundred enamel eyes made in Paris to order.

The trade resembles all other trades, in so far that there are manufacturers on a large and on a small scale—artists and workmen, skilled manipulators and ignorant ones. These people are packed in two distinct quarters of the city. The important manufacturers, the scientific men, the artists of the profession, inhabit the Faubourg St. Honore and the neighborhood of the Madeleine; the others are lodged in the little streets of the Boulevard du Temple. Ordinarily the former add to their title of ocularist that of oculist, which gives them, of course, a much higher standing in the profession.

These gentlemen are perpetually travelling all over Europe, and transport their manufactories to St. Petersburg, Vienna, and even Constantinople. They sumptuously furnished salons in which they receive their clients in Paris indicate connections among the wealthier classes. They select, when practicable, a one-eyed servant, and their first care is to replace the organ of which he is deficient by an enamel eye of their own manufacture. This does not arise from any absurd motive of benevolence, but with a view to business. When a client, a little frightened, but certainly without reason, at the prospect of the operation he is about to undergo, hesitates and interposes some difficulties in the way of confiding his eyelids to the instruments of the operator, the latter rings the bell, and Jean Polypheme makes his appearance.

"What do you think of this fellow?" asks the ocularist of his client. "Study his features, his look, and say frankly what you think."

"He looks well enough," answers the other, laboring usually under some little emotion.

"Well, Jean, reveal your secret to this gentleman."

Whereupon Jean introduces a knitting-needle under his eyelid, removes his eye, and places it in the hand of the astonished spectator as unconcernedly as though it were a mere shirt stud. How is it possible for any one to resist such a demonstration?

These gentlemen charge from forty to fifty francs for an eye.

The manufacturer of the Rue du Temple has an entirely different way of doing business. He is generally a man pretty well informed, simple, polite, a little of an artist, a little of a workman, and a little of a tradesman. He scarcely employs either apprentice or assistant, except when he receives a good order from some naturalist for animals' eyes for his collection.

All day long seated at a table at one end of his work-room he works by the light of a spirit lamp. Before him are arranged, in either cakes or sticks, the materials used by him in his profession. He takes a little enamel, melts it, and by the aid of a blow-pipe blows it until it becomes a small ball at the end of the instrument. This ball is destined to represent the white of the eye. He next takes some more enamel, which is colored this time, and lets a drop of it fall upon the summit of the *cornea*. Gently heating it at the flame, it spreads out in a round spot, and eventually becomes flat, and resembles the iris. A darker drop of enamel placed in the same manner in the centre of the iris imitates the pupil. The ball is now detached from the blow-pipe, cut to an oval shape, and smoothed at the edges, so that on introducing it beneath the eyelids it may not wound any of the smaller nerves.

These eyes cost no more than from twenty to twenty-five francs, which one can quite comprehend, as there is neither heavy rent to pay, nor the wages of a liveried cyclops.

The manufacture of artificial eyes is both difficult and tedious. It suits alike both men and women, and many of the latter succeed well in it; it is, moreover, one of the best remunerated of art industries. Most of the work-people are paid by piece-work, that is so much per eye, varying from ten to fifteen francs, and a clever workman will turn out his eye per diem. Others receive from the large manufacturers a share of the proceeds arising from the sales of eyes manufactured by them, and have to take back any eyes not approved of by customers. These they put on one side to serve for their stock in trade when they commence business on their own account.

One of these collections furnishes a somewhat curious sight. Reposing upon wadding at the bottom of a drawer, are several score of eyes, ranged side by side, and exhibiting a singular variety of expression. Some are small, others large; some black, others blue, hazel brown, light brown, bluish, and greenish gray: nearly all are brilliant, all have a fixed stare—all are, in fact, looking you through. On one side are laughing children's eyes, next to them the liquid-looking eyes of young girls, the languid eyes of middle-aged women, eyes with an amiable or sinister expression, severe official eyes; then come the old men's eyes, slightly filmy; and in a corner are the worn out eyes—eyes that have been already used, and have been returned by the customers as models to make other eyes by. The enamel eye after being exposed to the action of the atmosphere for some months loses alike its color and its lustre, and becomes opaque-looking; a thick dingy coating of solidified humors spreads over its polished surface, and it has a glassy look, like the eye of a dead person. "Touch them, you will do no harm," says the ocularist to visitors, just as though it was a collection of coins or minerals they were inspecting.

When a workman sets up on his own account he soon gathers a connection round about him. Many of his customers, and these are among the best, hand him on the 1st of January in every year a certain sum, for which he furnishes them with eyes all the year round. He has in his drawers the pattern eyes of these people, who have consequently not to go to him every time to enable him to see precisely the style of eye they are in want of.

The loss of one eye often renders the remaining visual organ remarkably acute. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that a certain fastidiousness prevails among those who have the misfortune to be one-eyed with respect to the exact matching of the artificial and the natural organs, and that they should at times return to the maker eyes they may disapprove of, just as an elegant sends back to Poole a coat which he regards as a misfit. These eyes have to be disposed of at any price, and it is now that the artist disappears, and the tradesman reveals himself. His first thought is naturally of the necessitous classes.

Many individuals, workmen and small tradesmen even, who have lost an eye cannot command the means to pay the regulation price for the enamel substitute that conceals this disagreeable infirmity, and it is to them that the manufacturer first of all addresses himself. Their slender resources render them accommodating as regards shape and color. What they want is an eye, and a cheap one—brown, blue, black, or hazel, what does it matter? They are quite willing to choose from amongst these waste eyes, rejected by wealthy customers, the best match they can find. It is the cheapness that attracts them. They hesitate a little at first, and linger over different shades of color, unable to make a selection, but with them an eye is a necessity, two precisely similar eyes a superfluity; and we all know that superfluities are not for poor people.

The ocularist has another resource. A class of customers, poorer than the last, who, unable to buy waste eyes even, are reduced to hire them, by the month and sometimes by the day, doubtless for great occasions. I was shown some of these eyes that were let out on hire, and I must confess they seemed perfectly presentable, although they were not to be compared to the lustrous eyes of the manufacturer's wealthy clients.

There is, however, still another class of customers who are more easy to satisfy than any of the others. These are the defunct, or rather that section of them who enjoy the honor of being embalmed. With the view of mimicking more completely the appearance of life, the operator places under their inert eyelids a couple of glass eyes, which he has selected almost at random from some enameller's collection. The color of the eyeball is a matter of perfect indifference to him. He knows well enough that not only dead men tell no tales, but make no kind of complaints.

Despite, however, of these various ways of getting rid of them, eyes remain in stock which can neither be sold nor let out on hire, nor passed off upon dead people. These are destined to exportation, and are sent to America, Asia, the Sandwich Islands, everywhere, anywhere, in fact. They appear to be quite good enough for Asiatics and people of color, who do not care so much for a faithful imitation of nature as for something brilliant. To them an artificial eye is an ornament, like a scarlet handkerchief or a plume.

One of the Emperor Soulique's generals, who was deficient of an eye, determined upon having an artificial one made by a Parisian ocularist. The enameller who received the commission surpassed himself, for he counted upon this order bringing him in numerous others, with possibly some Haytian decoration in addition. As soon as the eye was completed, it was wrapped up carefully in cotton wool, placed in a little box, and sent to its destination. The ocularist waited anxiously for a response, which did not come for nearly six months, when what was his surprise to receive, in lieu of the anticipated cross, his eye back again, accompanied by a letter couched in these abrupt terms: "Your eye is of no use to me. It is yellowish, and recalls the memory of the Spanish flag. I will only wear an eye of the colors of my own country." The ocularist hesitated as to the course he should pursue; then hastened off to the Ministry of Marine, asked permission to see the Haytian flag, and returned home, when he manufactured an eye of the description indicated—a lively mixture of red and green. The ebony general was this time so pleased with our ocularist's workmanship that he refrained from introducing the remarkably brilliant organ under his eyelids, preferring to wear it among other decorations upon his breast.

This profession of ocularists is older than would be imagined. It has its legends, its traditions, and its history. The ancients made artificial eyes, and it was in Egypt, I think, that the manufacture originated. The first eyes were made of gold and silver, then copper and ivory were had recourse to. It is related that at a period of general distress two citizens of Latium carried their artificial eyes to the public treasury, in the same way that the French women offered their trinkets as "patriotic gifts" during the first Revolution. It is to be hoped that these eyes were of the precious metals. Artificial eyes were no doubt rarities during the middle ages, but became common enough after the invention of porcelain eyes in the sixteenth century. There were certain drawbacks connected with these in later times. The makers, with a view to business, used to insert their names and addresses in the white sufficiently distinct to be deciphered by any one who stared the wearer full in the face. I have before me an eye of this character, on which I read in blue letters, on a white ground, "W. Jobson, Dublin, Ireland." It was in the eighteenth century that the era of glass eyes commenced. They had the advantage of being light, and consequently less fatiguing to wear, and were full of brilliancy. Now-a-days hardly any but enamel eyes are made—enamel being after all but a species of glass. These last for a year at the most. Some of the best among them look so real that the makers of them conceive quite a passion for their productions, like the sculptor of old, who became enamored of his marble nymph. They pretend even to surpass nature, and their enthusiasm carries them so far that lately one of the craft, when his principal customer, whose sole natural eye squinted frightfully, reproached him with not being able to make him look straight in front of him, calmly proposed to cure the defect by making him a duplicate artificial eye to replace the living visual organ.

A CICCIATA AT ROME.

On the eve of the year of revolutions, 1848, ere it was the fashion to get up excursions to either the Holy Land or the Eternal City, I chanced to witness at Rome one of the strangest spectacles that ever tourist, in search of the sensational, set eyes on—an unmistakable trait of barbarian manners, dating back, it is said, to the darkest ages of the world's history.

* * * * * * *

Towards evening I dressed myself in a travelling suit, put a loaded revolver in my pocket in case of its being required, and proceeded on foot towards the Alberto Theatre. It was a little after eight o'clock. I found Count Graziani already at the rendezvous, pacing slowly up and down in company with a young man with whom he was chatting familiarly. Scarcely had I approached the pair than the Count exclaimed—

"I am glad you have come! We'll not lose time, but jump into a carriage at once."

The carriage had been rattling along for about ten minutes, and I noticed that we were traversing dark and narrow streets entirely unknown to me. Although I did not feel in the least alarmed, yet I must confess that this nocturnal excursion awakened in me a kind of uneasy feeling, so that I could not avoid questioning my companions.

"There is nothing to fear so long as you are discreet; only do not speak of what you are about to witness until you are safe back in your own country."

In a few moments our carriage came to a halt in a badly-lighted open space, where four dark, dirty, narrow streets met. We alighted at once, and before proceeding a single step waited till the vehicle had driven off and the noise of its wheels was lost in the silence of the night. We had scarcely walked a hundred paces before Count Graziani stopped in front of the low door of a suspicious looking house, and said in a suppressed voice—

"This is the place."

Gently pushing the door, which yielded without an effort to the first pressure, we all three entered a long, dark passage, at the end of which one noticed a dim light shining through the curtains and glass panes of a second door, which appeared to lead into the only room lighted up in the entire building.

Before we had arrived half way down this passage the door opened and a man made his appearance, who fastened the door behind him with great care. For the moment or two the door remained ajar one heard a murmur of voices which satisfied me that the room was occupied by a numerous company. Upon a signal from the Count we had all three come to a halt. The man, in advancing towards us, hid from us the little light that came from this apartment, and which had served until this moment to guide our steps. As soon as he was face to face with the Count, who was in front of our party, some whispers were exchanged between the two, and a minute or two afterwards a feeble light was seen on our right, and we followed the unknown up a narrow, dirty, slimy flight of steps, which the darkness had prevented one from observing before.

We ascended eleven steps, for I took the trouble to count them, and found ourselves in front of a door, before passing through which the man who was guiding us put out the light, and, in a scarcely audible voice, told us to take hold of each other by the hand and to follow him.

After we had groped for some moments through the darkness, he whispered to us to sit down, which we did upon a wooden bench we felt in front of us.

From the direction we had taken I felt persuaded that we were almost immediately over the room we had noticed on the ground floor, and this opinion was confirmed on hearing a loud noise beneath—the sound of numerous voices speaking rapidly and more or less together, varied at times by sudden shouts—yells, one might almost style them—followed by the stamping of feet. Suddenly there rose a curtain, at arm's length in front of us, which enabled one to see that we were in a kind of low, narrow, closed gallery, which commanded a view of what was going on below, without its occupants being observed or their presence suspected even.

None of us had spoken. I for my part was taken up with observing the scene at our feet, and trying to detect aught peculiar in it, but all I could make out was about a score of men, and all evidently belonging to the common people, seated drinking at various tables at the further end of the room, and arguing and shouting among themselves with the fury of demoniacs. The Count whispered in my ear—

"We may speak now, but so as not to be heard; otherwise, I won't answer for our lives."

"Well, then," said I, "since the spell is at length broken, tell me where we are and why all this mystery to see a score of Italians drinking and quarrelling among themselves. The sight was nothing novel in it, and it is not even an agreeable one."

The Count, pressing my arm, replied—

"Wait a while. Watch attentively for what is going to happen." As for our companion, the effeminate young Italian, he did not say a word, and one was only conscious of his presence by his occasionally hard breathing.

I examined at leisure all that was passing beneath. The room was lit up by merely four miserable lamps, which gave out a far more disagreeable odor than light; still one could distinguish the countenances of most of the men, all of whom had, more of less, weather-beaten faces and keen, energetic looking eyes. A few of them were already aged and grizzly; others on the contrary were mere youths, but all appeared equally daring and brave. As I watched them attentively I observed one of them mount upon a bench and address the others, who listened to him with marked attention, and from their gestures I gathered that the speaker's proposition was favorably received.

Despite the full and empty jugs upon the tables at which these men were seated none of them appeared intoxicated, though there were, perhaps, one or two whose brains were excited by drink; there was, however, no approach to that stupid and brutal drunkenness to which many of the working classes of more northern nations habitually give way. You might have taken these men for conspirators, or brigands even, but you would never have set them down for drunkards.

"What is going to happen now?" inquired I of the Count, in an undertone.

"You see all these men?" replied he, speaking equally low; "most of them are young, and all are strong and hale. Well, the long and the short of the matter is, they are about to poignard one another with unexampled ferocity."

"Good heavens! what do you mean?" exclaimed I, in an audible voice, which caused the Count to grip me by the arm. Then, speaking low, I continued, "I know they have been disputing among themselves, but the cause of quarrel seems to have passed off. They are evidently comrades of one another, if not friends."

"They are so in fact, and indeed it is necessary they should have a reciprocal esteem in order to join in this singular conflict, the conditions of which they are settling at this moment."

I was stupefied. I should have thought my friend was endeavoring to mystify me, but I could see from his manner that he was in earnest. Besides, the various precautions he had throughout adopted, with reference to our presence at this gladiatorial exhibition, convinced me that the Count had told me nothing but the truth.

"And is this to take place before our eyes?" inquired I.

"Let me explain to you the conditions of this singular duel," said my friend, "for it is a duel—brought about, however, without enmity or anger on the parts of those who engage in it, and with the sole view of proving their courage and their contempt for existence. This savage recreation, the origin of which dates from the barbaric ages, is called a Cicciata, which comes from the word 'meat'—this is all the explanation I am able to give you. From time to time, eluding the vigilance of the police, a party of individuals will meet at some tavern in the old quarters of the city, and propose a Cicciata, usually as I have said, with the sole object of testing each other's courage, though sometimes with the intention of gratifying, if possible, some hidden revenge. Now," added the Count, suddenly breaking off his recital, "follow all their movements; that tall man you see at the end of the room, is advocating the immediate commencement of the combat."

Our young companion here began rubbing his hands, as if with satisfaction at the prospect of what was about to happen.

As for myself, I felt that I ought to retire; still I was, as it were, fascinated to the spot, and watched every movement of these men with increasing interest. A perfect tumult suddenly arose amongst them. The individual whom the Count had pointed out, and who towered above his companions fully half a head, continued speaking with marked emphasis, but the word "cicciata" was the only one I could distinctly catch, for he spoke under such excitement and with such rapidity that I was unable to follow him. At the conclusion of his harangue his companions thrust their hands into their pockets and each pulled out a long knife, and we saw a score or more of thin, sharp blades glistening in the sinister light.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "they are never going to cut each other's throats before our very eyes, and without any further preliminary."

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow," replied the Count, "you will see nothing worse than this; only watch all that transpires attentively."

The reply of the Count puzzled me. His recommendation was, however, needless, for despite myself, my looks were riveted upon the scene beneath. It was impossible to rid myself of the idea that at any moment one might see blood commence to flow, yet the last thing I thought of was withdrawing my gaze.

Suddenly, as though in obedience to some signal, the score of individuals commenced to strip. As a preliminary precaution, however, each placed his long knife beside him; then, with perfect calmness, they removed their garments, one by one, till they were naked to the waist. It was a strange sight, all these robust frames thrown into relief in the trembling light. As they were removing the tables in order to have a clear field, one could not help admiring their energetic heads, their defiant looks, and the quivering muscles of their brawny arms.

"Now," whispered my friend, "the combat is about to begin. The tall individual whom I have already pointed out to you, and round whom they are again gathered, is reminding them of the conditions of the sanguinary struggle. In the first place the lights have to be extinguished, in order that he who happens to get struck may not know who has dealt him the blow, and that he who strikes may be ignorant whom he has wounded—the only way of avoiding revenge on the one part, or repentance on the other. It is formally prohibited, I should inform you, to strike below the waist, and whatever may be the gravity of the wound, he who receives it is required to suppress any cry of pain that might cause him to be recognized. Further, it is prohibited to strike a man when down, so that he who is wounded or who does not wish to continue fighting has only to throw himself on the floor for his person to become sacred, as no one will then touch him. Every time, however, these men meet one another erect in the darkness, they will strike pitilessly around them, and yet they are all friends, and some of them relations even."

The last table and the last stool removed, every man placed himself, knife in hand, with his face to the wall. The lights had only to be extinguished for the carnage to commence.

I am ashamed to confess that I followed with increasing curiosity each phase of this terrible drama which was about to be performed in perfect darkness, scarcely half a dozen yards from the spot where we were seated. The tall man, who had all along appeared to direct the proceedings, now extinguished the first lamp, then the second, then the third; when I saw him approach the fourth and last, my heart palpitated violently, and I thought of revealing my presence by crying out, and so putting a stop to this infamous butchery, but I remembered what the Count had said, and felt that I had no right to jeopardize the lives of my companions. I made, therefore, a sort of compact with my conscience, closed my eyes and placed my hands over my ears, and determined to sit the affair quietly out to the end.

After remaining thus, as it appeared to me, for some considerable time, fatigued with my position, I withdrew my hands and opened my eyes, but all was darkness and the most profound silence prevailed, and I seemed as if under the influence of a dream. At an ungarded movement which I made, I felt the Count grasp me tightly by the arm, as if to imply that I must remain perfectly still. Precisely at the same moment there was a certain agitation immediately beneath us, and I concluded that the combatants were now about to commence the attack. For the next few minutes we heard nothing beyond the sound of suspended respirations, faint breathings that were only perceptible in the death-like stillness that had for some time prevailed. I imagined each individual to be on the defensive, holding his breath, acting with extreme circumspection, and only moving stealthily on tip-toe; as one could see absolutely nothing of what was taking place, the only thing was to guess at it.

Every moment the agitation seemed to increase; the vague, undecided perturbation of the last few minutes had assumed a more positive character, and one was able to distinguish particular efforts made by individual combatants. We could hear them springing from one end of the room to the other, as though endeavoring to strike an adversary on their passage; then, little by little, as the intoxication of the contest in which they were engaged appeared to increase, one heard the shock of bodies coming into collision, and the dead sound of the accompanying blow, followed by falls and suppressed groans. Once, when the carnage seemed to have arrived at its height, there was a tumult of gasping vociferations and stifled cries, seemingly in no known language, and yet perfectly harrowing. This scene, rendered all the more frightful by the darkness, had now lasted for upwards of twenty minutes, when suddenly a voice cried out, "Every one lie down." In a moment or two there was the most complete silence.

The same man who had extinguished the lights relit them one by one. The spectacle we then had under our eyes was painful to behold. Those who had not been severely injured in the general *melee* had risen as soon as the lamps were lighted, but seven remained lying on the ground with blood flowing from their wounds, which were at once attended to by such as had escaped perfectly free; others who were not dangerously wounded occupied themselves in examining, with cold disdain, the various slashes and punctures they had received, while one or two of the more indifferent of the party were coolly engaged in wiping their blood-stained weapons on their pocket-handkerchiefs.

This is what is called a Cicciata.

A Grave Affair.

A manufacturer of tombstones, in our place, lately received a call from a countryman who wanted a stone to place over the grave of his mother. After looking around for some time, and making sundry remarks about the taste of his deceased mother, he finally pitched upon one which the stone-cutter had prepared for another person.

"I like this one," said he.

"But," said the manufacturer, "that belongs to another man, and has Mrs. Perry's name cut on it; it wouldn't do for your mother."

"Oh, yes it would," said the countryman, "she couldn't read! And besides," he continued, as he observed the wonderment of the stonecutter, "Perry was always a favorite name of hers, anyhow!"

☞ TAILS OF COMETS.—Prof. Tyndall, in a lecture before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, expressed the opinion that the tails of comets, which are always turned from the sun, are produced much in the same way as symmetrical clouds are produced by vapors in tubes by the action of light. The heat is intercepted by the body of the comet, and a tail is produced by the deposit of vapors on the side opposite to the sun, which vapors become luminous by reflected light.

IN MEMORY OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Say not the poet dies!
Though in the dust he lies,
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,
Unsphered by envious death!
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its roll;
Their fate he cannot share,
Who in the enchanted air,
Sweet with the lingering strains that echo stole,
Has left his dearer self, the music of his soul!

We o'er his turf may raise
Our notes of feeble praise,
And carve with pious care for after eyes
The stone with "Here he lies;"
He for himself hath built a nobler shrine,
Whose walls of stately rhyme
Roll back the tides of time,
While o'er their gates the gleaming tablets shine
That wear his name inwrought with many a golden line!

Call not our Poet dead!
Though on his turf we tread!
Green is the wreath their brows so long have worn,—
The minstrels of the morn,
Who while the orient burned with new-born flame,
Caught that celestial fire,
And struck a Nation's lyre!
These taught the Western winds the poet's name;
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden flowers of fame.

Count not our Poet dead!
The stars shall watch his bed!
The rose of June its fragrant life renew
His blushing mound to strew,
And all the tuneful throats of summer swell
With trills as crystal-clear
As when he wooed the ear
Of the young muse that haunts each wooded dell
With song of that "rough land" he loved so long and well!

He sleeps; he cannot die!
As evening's long-drawn sigh,
Lifting the rose leaves on his peaceful Mound,
Spreads all their sweets around,
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow
From where the rustling sedge
Frets our rude ocean's edge
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow,
His soul the air enshrines and leaves but dust below!

The Doctor of Brai.

There was once a countryman who, by dint of hard labor and the exercise of great prudence, had amassed a sufficiency of means. Besides lots of wheat and a large quantity of wine, he had no less than eight oxen and four horses in his stables. Notwithstanding his comfortable position, however, he would not marry. His friends and neighbors reproached him with his celibacy, but he excused himself by saying that when he came across the kind of a woman he wanted he would marry her. His friends, to help him, resolved to search about for such a woman.

There lived a few miles off an old chevalier, a widower and very poor, who had a beautiful and clever daughter. The girl was old enough to be married, but as it happened that the father had nothing to give her, nobody ever thought it worth his while to woo her. The friends of the countryman having presented themselves before the old chevalier, he speedily yielded compliance to their wishes; and the girl, who was good and would not disobey her father, found herself forced to comply. The countryman was delighted at the prospect of such an alliance. He determined to lose no time, and pressed the marriage forward with all haste. Hardly, however, were they married, than he perceived that he had made a great mistake—that, in short, he could not have done anything more foolish than to take to himself such a wife. When, for instance, he was working out in the fields, what would his wife do, she was so accustomed to sit at home in idleness? He knew, besides, that some rich neighbors, to whom every day was Sunday, would not scruple to be with her as often as it suited them. What, then, would become of the stupid husband? And yet, what was the stupid husband to do?

"If, in the morning," he thought to himself, "I pick a quarrel and strike her, she will cry all the day through. Now whilst she is crying it is certain that she will not be in the humor to listen to the talk of any gallants. When I return I will be quits with her by asking her pardon, and I know how that is to be obtained."

Fired with this splendid idea he loudly called for dinner. When the meal was concluded, he approached his wife and struck her such a blow upon her face that the marks of his fingers remained imprinted on her cheek. Nor was this all. Fancying he had not given her cause to cry long enough, he hit her four or five more blows and then went out into the fields.

The poor little creature fell to crying very piteously, and with her hands laid crosswise on her bosom loudly lamented her hard fate. "Oh, father!" she cried, "why did you give me to such a man? Had we not bread enough to eat, poor as we were? Why was I so blind as to consent to such a marriage? Oh, beloved mother! had I not lost you I would not have been so unhappy. What will become of me!" She remained inconsolable throughout the whole of the day, crying, as her husband had anticipated, until his return. Then his first effort was to conciliate her.

"It was the devil who tempted me to strike you," he exclaimed. He swore never again to raise his hand to her, he threw himself at her feet and begged her pardon with so humble and dejected an air, that the wife, touched with pity, promised to forget everything that had happened. But the countryman, who saw how successful was his stratagem, resolved to put it into execution again. On rising the following morning, he once more picked a quarrel with his wife, and repeated the performance of the preceding day. Then he went forth to his work. The poor little woman felt now that this treatment was to be her fate, and once more began to cry piteously.

Whilst in this mournful condition, there rode up to her door two king's messengers, each mounted on a white horse. They saluted her in the name of the king, and asked her for something to eat. They were dying of hunger, they said. She set before them all that she had in the house to offer, and whilst they were eating, begged them to tell her whither they were journeying.

"We are not journeying anywhere in particular," said they. "The truth is, we are searching for a skillful doctor, and we mean to travel even into England should we not find one here. Ada, the king's daughter, is ill. Eight days ago, whilst eating some fish, a bone stuck in her throat, and left her incapable of swallowing. Every remedy that can be suggested, has been applied to her, but without avail. She can neither eat nor sleep, and her sufferings are terrible. The king, who is in despair, has ordered us to search about for some one capable of curing the princess. If he loses her he will die."

"You have no need to travel any further," exclaimed the wife. "I know the very man you want. He is a great doctor."

"Is it possible? You are not deceiving us?"

"No, I am telling you the truth; but, unfortunately, the doctor of whom I speak is a very singular sort of person. He is slightly touched in the head, I fear. Although he has an extraordinary genius for medicine, he seems to thoroughly detest the science. My own impression is, that unless you beat him heartily you will not get him to act for you."

"Oh!" they answered, "if he only needs cudgelling, we'll give it to him. He couldn't be in better hands. Only tell us where he lives."

The wife indicated the fields in which the husband was working, and wishing them farewell, entreated them not to forget the essential condition of their undertaking. They thanked her, and arming themselves each with a big stick, made towards the countryman. Having saluted him, they informed him that they came from the king, and commanded him to follow them.

"What for?" he asked.

"To cure the Princess Ada. We have heard of your skill, and we have come to fetch you in the king's name."

The countryman replied that he was only a laborer, and if the king wanted his services in that capacity, he would be happy to devote them to him. But as to medicine, he swore on his honor that he knew nothing at all about it.

"I see," whispered one of the king's messengers to the other, "that civility will not succeed here. He evidently wants to be beaten."

Saying this, he alighted from his horse, the other followed him, and grasping their sticks they commenced beating the countryman with the heartiest zest. The hopeless laborer commenced by roaring at them for their cowardice—two to one—and their cruelty; but finding them too strong for him, he threw himself upon his knees, and swore to obey them. They thereupon mounted him upon one of the white horses and conducted him thus to the palace of the king.

The illness of the princess had thrown the king into a state bordering upon distraction. The return of the two messengers inspired him with hope, and he ordered them to be conducted into his presence that he might learn how successful they had been in their inquiries. Having sounded the praises of the wonderful but eccentric doctor, they then proceeded to narrate how they had found and the method they had employed to capture him.

"I confess," said the king, "that I never heard of a doctor like this before. But since it is necessary that he should be beaten before he will cure the princess, let him be beaten." Having ordered the princess to descend, he bade the countryman to approach him. "My friend," he, said "this is the lady whom you must cure."

The wretched countryman threw himself upon his knees and begged for mercy, swearing by all that was holy that he knew nothing whatever of medicine. The only reply of the king was to signal to two tall sergeants, who were standing by armed with sticks. They made a dart at the countryman, and, seizing him by the arms, rained upon him a perfect shower of blows.

"Mercy! mercy!" he yelled. "I'll cure her, sire; I'll cure her."

The princess stood before him pale and dying, indicating her sufferings by pointing with her finger down her open mouth. The countryman began to ponder within himself how he should effect this cure. He plainly saw that there was no backing out of it, but that he must either succeed or perish from flogging.

"The bone," said he to himself, "is in the throat. If I could only succeed in making her laugh, the chances are that I might dislodge it."

Impressed with this notion, he requested the king to order a large fire to be lighted in the hall, and further desired to be left alone with the princess. When the hall was deserted he partially undressed her, told her to seat herself near the fire, and commenced tickling her, making all the time such hideous grimaces, that in spite of her suffering the princess suddenly burst out into a shout of laughter. At the same instant the bone flew out of her throat and fell upon the floor. Picking it up, the countryman flew to the door, crying: "Sire, sire, here it is! here it is!"

"I owe you my life!" cried the king, in a transport of joy. And he promised to give him in reward for his services handsome presents of gowns and cloaks. It was a custom among the kings and princes of that period to make presents of cloaks and dresses at Michaelmas and Christmas to the nobility attached to their courts. Sometimes the acceptance of these presents was interpreted into a willingness to enter into one year's service with the king who offered them. A chevalier thus apparelled was called a Chevalier du Roi. The countryman thanked him. He declared, however, that he only wanted permission to return to his home, feigning that his business greatly needed his presence. In vain the king offered him his friendship and entreated him to remain. He answered that he was pressed; that when he left there was positively no bread in the house, and that it was imperative that he should carry wheat to the mill. But on a signal from the king which brought the two sergeants about him again, the countryman cried for mercy, promising to remain not only day, but forever, if he were desired. Thereupon they conducted him into a room in which he was washed and shaved and habited in a magnificent scarlet cloak. All this time, however, he was meditating a plan to escape, and comforted himself with believing that a practical opportunity would soon be presented.

The cure he had effected achieved for him in no time a great reputation. No sooner had it been noised abroad than upwards of eighty sick persons belonging to the town presented themselves at the gates of the chateau, and besought the king to put in a good word for them with the doctor. The king having called him, "My friend," said he, "I recommend these persons to your notice. Cure them all at once, if you please, as I wish to send them back again to their homes."

"Sire," replied the countryman, "unless heaven cures them I cannot. There are too many."

"Let the two sergeants be brought," exclaimed the king.

At the approach of these two formidable persons the poor wretch, trembling in every limb, volunteered not only to cure the eighty sick persons, but the whole world in the bargain, even to the last man. He begged the king and all those who were in good health to leave the hall as they had done before. Being left alone with the sick, he ranged them all round the fireplace, in which he made a tremendous fire.

"My friends," he said, addressing them with great solemnity, "it is no trifling favor to accord, that of giving health to so many people in so short a time. There is only one way that I know of effecting a general cure amongst you, and that is, of choosing the one who is most seriously ill and throwing him into the fire. When he is consumed, the ashes will be distributed amongst you all to swallow. The remedy is extreme, but I'll stake my head on the result."

Saying this, he sternly contemplated the surrounding crowd, as if examining their condition. But amongst them all there was not one who for the whole of Normandy would have allowed that his malady was serious. The doctor, addressing one of them, exclaimed, "You are looking pale and ill; you seem to have the most serious disorder of them all."

"I, sire? On my word, I never felt better in my life than I do at this moment."

"Then what do you here, you villain?" cried the doctor.

Without answering, the sick man opened the door and took to his heels. The king, who was outside, perceived the sick man leave the hall. "Are you cured?" he asked. "Yes, sire." A moment after another sick man appeared. "And you?" "I am also cured."

What was the result of this manœuvre? There was not a single soul, old or young, male or female, who would consent to being reduced to ashes. All left, swearing they were all cured.

The delighted king returned to the hall to congratulate the doctor. He was amazed and filled with admiration at the skill that in so short a time could work so many miracles."

"Sire," exclaimed the doctor, "I have an amulet possessed of a wondrous virtue with which I work my cures."

The king overwhelmed him with presents. He assured him of his eternal friendship, and permitted him to return to his wife, on condition, however, that when he was wanted he should not be urged to come only by the use of the stick. The countryman now bade adieu to the king. He had now no longer any occasion to be a laborer; and no longer, therefore, cared to beat his wife. To his dying day, however, he never knew how he had been made a doctor.

A SONG.

BY W. HUNT TILFORD.

I sing this song to one who makes
A pleasantness of duty;
Whose worth is shrined within her heart,
As well as in her beauty.
So fill the glass, let's toast the lass,
With hearts and bumpers brimmin',
Nor can it be sin for me
To name her best of women!

The sparkle of the crystal wine
Shall be her bright eyes shining,
The garlands round the beaker's brim
Shall be her ringlets twining;
And so we'll claim a golden name
From every charm about her;
For angels know that here below
We could not live without her.

I sing this song to one near whom
The angels seem to hover,
The paragon of loveliness,
With naught in life above her;
And now she's found, all gather'd round
The bowl with good cheer brimmin',
Let's fill the glass and toast the lass—
The dearest one of women!

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TOLDO OF THE GREAT TOQUI.

Don Antonio Valverde, delighted at the succor the President of the Argentine Republic sent him, rode at a gallop by the side of the new colonel, Don Torribio. They soon reached a barrier, guarded by a large body of gauchos and armed colonists.

"We must go out here," Don Torribio said to the governor, "but as the night is dark, and we have one or two leagues to ride, it would be imprudent to venture alone upon a plain traversed by vagabond Indians."

"That is true," Don Antonio interrupted him.

"The governor must not risk his life lightly; suppose you were made prisoner, for instance, what a blow it would be for the colony."

"You speak most sensibly, Don Torribio. Let us take an escort."

"Of how many men?"

"Ten will be enough."

"We will take twenty—for we may come across a hundred Indians."

"Twenty, then, if you wish it, Don Antonio," the other answered, with a sardonic smile.

On the governor's arrival the defenders of the fort had got under arms. Don Torribio detailed twenty horsemen, who, by his orders formed up behind him.

"Are we ready to start, governor?"

"Let us be off."

The escort, having the two colonels at its head, started in the direction of the plain. Torribio delighted Don Antonio Valverde for three quarters of an hour, by the rolling fire of his witty remarks, when he was interrupted by him.

"Pardon me, colonel," the governor said, anxiously, "but does it not appear singular to you that we have as yet met nobody?"

"Not the least in the world, senor," Torribio answered; "of course they know not what road to take, and they are awaiting my return."

"That is possible," the governor said, after a moment's reflection.

"In that case we shall have another league to ride. Let us go on, then."

Don Torribio's vein of humor was exhausted. At times his eye examined the space around him, while Don Antonio remained silent. All at once the distant neighing of a horse reached their ears.

"What's that?" Torribio asked.

"Probably the men we are seeking."

"In any case let us be prudent. Wait for me; I will go ahead as scout."

He galloped forward and disappeared in the gloom. When a certain distance off, he dismounted, and put his ears to the ground.

"*Demonios!*" he muttered, as he got up and leapt on to his horse again; "we are pursued. Can that Satan of a Pedrito have recognized me?"

"What's the matter?" the governor asked.

"Nothing," Torribio replied, laying his left hand on his arm. "Don Antonio Valverde, surrender; you are my prisoner."

"Are you mad, Don Torribio?"

"No longer call me Don Torribio, senor," the young man said, in a hollow voice; "I am Nocobotha, the great chief of the Patagonian natives."

"Treachery!" the governor shouted; "help, gauchos, defend me!"

"It is useless, colonel, for those men belong to me."

"I will not surrender," the governor continued—"Don Torribio, or whoever you may be, you are a coward."

He freed himself from the young man's grasp by a bound of his horse, and drew his sabre. The rapid gallop of several horses came nearer every moment.

"Can that be help arriving for me?" the governor said, as he cocked a pistol.

"Yes, but too late," the Indian chief answered coldly.

By his orders, the gauchos surrounded the commandant, who killed two of them. From this moment the fight in the dark became frightful. Don Antonio, seeing that his life was lost, wished at least, to die as a soldier should die, and fought desperately.

The sound of the galloping horses constantly drew nearer.

Nocobotha saw that it was time to finish, and with a pistol shot killed the governor's horse. Don Antonio rolled on the sand, but, jumping up suddenly, he dealt his adversary a sabre stroke, which the latter parried by leaping on one side.

"A man such as I am does not surrender to dogs like you," Don Antonio exclaimed, as he blew out his own brains.

This explosion was followed by a sharp discharge of musketry, and a squadron of horsemen rushed like a whirlwind on the gauchos. The contest hardly lasted a moment. At a whistle from Nocobotha the gauchos turned round and fled separately over the dark plain. Eight corpses strewed the ground.

"Too late!" Pedrito said to Major Bloomfield, who had started in pursuit of Don Torribio so soon as the bombero warned him of the peril into which the Indian had led the governor.

"Yes," said the major, sorrowfully, "he was a good soldier; but how are we to catch the traitors up, and know what we have to depend on?"

"They are already in the Indian camp."

Pedrito leapt from his horse, cut with his machete a branch of resinous fir, which he made into a torch, and by its light examined the bodies stretched on the ground.

"Here he is!" the bombero exclaimed; "his skull is fearfully fractured; his hand grasps a pistol; but his face still retains an expression of haughty defiance."

A silent tear rolled down Major Bloomfield's bronzed face.

"Why was my old friend fated thus to die in an ambuscade when his fortress is besieged? the Englishman murmured.

"God is the Master," Pedrito remarked, philosophically.

"He has performed his duty, so let us perform ours."

They raised the body of Don Antonio Valverde, and then the whole squadron returned to Carmen.

Nocobotha, however, we must remark, had only wished to make the colonel prisoner in order to treat with the colonists, and shed as little blood as possible, and he bitterly regretted the governor's death. While the gauchos were rejoicing at the success of the trap, Nocobotha, gloomy and dissatisfied, returned to his camp.

Mercedes and Dona Concha, on seeing the toldo of the great chief unoccupied, could not repress a sigh of satisfaction. They had the time to recover from their emotion in his absence, and prepare for the interview which Concha desired to have with him. They had removed their Indian garb in all haste, and resumed their Spanish attire. By an accident that favored the plans of Don Sylvio's betrothed wife, she was lovelier and more seductive than usual; her pallor had a touching and irresistible grace about it, and her eyes flashed eager flames of love or hatred.

When Nocobotha arrived in front of the toldo, the matchi walked up to him.

"What do you want?" the chief asked.

"My father will pardon me," the sorcerer answered, humbly. "This night two women have entered the camp."

"What do I care?" the chief interrupted him, impatiently.

"These women, though dressed in the Indian fashion, are white," the matchi said, laying a stress on the last word.

"They are doubtless wives of the gauchos."

"No," the sorcerer said; "their hands are too white, and their feet too small. Besides, one of them is the white slave of the tree of Gualichu."

"Ah! and who made them prisoners?"

"No one; they arrived alone."

"Alone?"

"I accompanied them through the camp, and protected them against the curiosity of the warriors."

"You acted well."

"I introduced them into my father's toldo."

"Are they there now?"

"For the last hour."

"I thank my brother."

Nocobotha took off one of his bracelets, and threw it to the matchi, who bowed down to the ground.

The chief, suffering from indescribable agitation, rushed toward his toldo, the curtain of which he raised with a feverish hand, and he could not restrain a cry of delight and astonishment on hearing Dona Concha's voice.

The maiden greeted him with one of those strange and charming smiles of which women alone possess the secret.

"What is the meaning of this?" the chief asked, with a graceful bow.

Dona Concha involuntarily admired the young man; his splendid Indian costume flashing in the light, heightened his masculine and proud attitude, and his head was hau htily erect. He was very handsome, and born to command.

"By what name shall I address you, caballero?" she said to him, as she pointed to a seat of carved copal wood by her side.

"That depends, senorita. If you address the Spaniard, call me Don Torribio; if you have come to speak to the Indian, my brothers call me Nocobotha."

"We shall see," she said.

During a momentary silence, the two speakers examined each other aside. Dona Concha did not know how to begin, and the chief himself was seeking the motive for such a visit.

"Did you really wish to see me?" Nocobotha at length began.

"Who else?" she replied.

"The happiness of seeing you here appears to me a dream, and I fear lest I should awake from it."

This remark reminded her of Don Valentine Cardoso's guest, and did not agree with the ornaments of an Indian chief and the interior of a toldo.

"Good gracious!" Dona Concha said lightly, "you are not far removed from believing me a witch or a fairy, so I will break my wand."

"For all that you will not be the less an enchantress," Nocobotha interrupted her with a smile.

"The sorcerer is this child's brother, who revealed to me your real name, and the spot where I might find you. You must give Pedrito all the credit."

"I shall not forget it when an opportunity offers," he answered with a frown, which did not escape Dona Concha's notice; "but let us return to yourself, senorita. Would it be an indiscretion to ask you to what extraordinary circumstance I owe the favor of a visit which I did not anticipate, but which overwhelms me with joy?"

"Oh! a very simple cause," she replied, giving him a fiery look.

"I am listening, madam."

"Perhaps you wish to make me undergo an examination?"

"Oh! I trust that you do not think what you are saying."

"Don Torribio, we live in such unhappy times, that a person can never be sure of addressing a friend."

"I am yours, madam."

"I hope so, and even believe it, hence I will speak to you in the most perfect confidence. A girl of my age, and especially of my rank, does not take a step so singular, without very serious motives."

"I am convinced of that."

"What can make a woman lay aside her instinctive modesty, and cause her to disdain even her reputation? What feeling inspires her with masculine courage? Is it not love, Don Torribio—love? Do you understand me?"

"Yes, madam," he answered with emotion.

"Well, I have said it, it is a question of my heart and of yours—perhaps—Don Torribio. At our last interview, my father announced rather suddenly, both to you and me, my approaching marriage with Don Sylvio d'Arenal. I had thought you loved me—"

"Senorita!"

"But at that moment I became certain of it; I saw your sudden pallor, your voice was troubled."

"Still!—"

"I am a woman, Don Torribio; we women guess a man's love before a man himself does so."

The Indian chief gazed at her with an undefinable expression.

"A few days later," she continued, "Don Sylvio fell into an ambuscade—why did you do that, Don Torribio?"

"I wished to avenge myself on a rival, but I did not order his death."

"I knew it."

Nocobotha did not understand her.

"You had no rival—you had scarce left the house ere I confessed to my father that I did not love Don Sylvio, and would not marry him."

"Oh Heavens!" the young man exclaimed sorrowfully.

"Reassure yourself, the misfortune is repaired; Don Sylvio is not dead."

"Who told you so?"

"I know it, I know it so well that Don Sylvio, torn from Pincheira's hands by my orders, is at this moment at the Estancia de San Julian, whence he will shortly set out for Buenos Ayres."

"Can I—"

"That is not all. I made my father understand toward whom my heart turned, and whose love it confided in, and my father, who has never been able to refuse me anything, permitted me to go and join the man whom I prefer."

She gave Don Torribio a glance full of love, looked down and blushed. A thousand contradictory feelings were contending in Nocobotha's heart, for he did not dare believe that which rendered him so happy; a doubt remained, a cruel doubt—suppose she were trifling with him?

"What!" he said, "you love me?"

"My presence here,—" she stammered.

"Happiness renders me confused, so forgive me."

"If I did not love you," she answered, "Sylvio is free and I could marry him."

"Oh, women! adorable creatures, who will ever sound the depths of your heart! who can divine the sorrow or joy you conceal in a glance or in a smile? Yes, senorita, yes, I love you, and I wish to tell you so on my knees."

And the great chief of the Patagonian nations threw himself at Dona Concha's feet; he pressed her hands and covered them with burning kisses. The maiden, who held her head erect, while he lay thus prostrate before her, had a ferocious delight in her eyes; she had repeated the eternal allegory of the lion that surrenders its claws to the scissors of love. This man, so powerful and formidable, was conquered, and henceforth she was sure of her vengeance.

"What shall I tell my father?" she said in a voice gentle as a caress.

The lion rose with flashing eyes and radiant brow.

"Madam," he answered with supreme majesty, "tell Don Valentine Cardoso that within a month I shall place a crown on your beloved forehead."

CHAPTER XXII.

DELILAH.

It is rare for an extreme situation, when drawn to its utmost limits, to remain long in a state of tension; hence it is not surprising that Nocobotha, after advancing so far in his confiding love, should recoil terrified at the progress he had made. Man is so constituted that too much happiness embarrasses and alarms him, and it is, perhaps, a foreboding that this happiness will be of short duration. The Indian chief, whose heart overflowed like a brimming cup, felt a vague doubt mingle with his joy and obscure it with a cloud. Still, it is pleasant to flatter one's self, and the young man yielded to this new intoxication and the pleasures of hope. These smiles, these looks, everything reassured him. Why had she come to him through so many dangers? She loves me, he thought, and love intensified the bandage which Dona Concha had fastened over his eyes with so much grace and perfidy.

Men of lofty intellect are nearly all unconsciously affected by a weakness that frequently causes their ruin, the more so because they believe nobody clever enough to cheat them. Had Nocobotha nothing to fear from this girl of fifteen, who avowed her love with such simplicity? But as his mind was, so to speak, turned away from real life to be absorbed in a single dream—the independence of his country—Nocobotha had never essayed to read that enigmatical book called a woman's heart; he was ignorant that a woman, especially an American woman, never forgives an insult offered to her lover, for he is her deity and is inviolable.

The Indian loved for the first time, and this first love, which is so sharp that at a later date all other loves grow pale at the mere remembrance of it, had sunk deeply into his heart. He loved, and the transient doubt which had saddened his thoughts could not struggle against a thought which was now irradicable.

"Can I," Dona Concha asked, "remain in your camp without fear of being insulted, until my father arrives?"

"Command me, madam," the Indian answered, "you have only slaves here."

"This girl, to whom you owe my presence here, will proceed to the Estancia of San Julian."

Nocobotha walked to the curtain of the toldo and clapped his hands twice. Lucaney appeared.

"Let a toldo be prepared for me, I give up this one to the two pale face women," the chief said in the Aucas tongue. "A band of picked warriors, selected by my brother, will watch over their safety night and day. Woe to the man who fails in respect to them! These women are sacred and free to come and go and receive any visitors they think proper. Have two horses saddled for me and for one of the white women."

Lucaney went out.

"You see, madam, that you are the queen here."

Dona Concha drew from her bosom a letter written beforehand and unsealed, which she handed to him, with a smile on her lips, but trembling at her heart.

"Read, Don Torribio, what I have written to my father."

"Oh, senorita!" he exclaimed, thrusting the note away.

Dona Concha slowly folded the letter without any apparent emotion, and delivered it to Mercedes.

"My child, you will give this to my father when alone, and explain to him what I have forgotten to say."

"Permit me to withdraw, madam."

"No," she replied, with a bewitching smile, "I have no secrets from you."

The young man smiled at this remark. At this moment the horses were brought up, and Dona Concha found time to whisper in Mercedes' ear the hurried words: "Your brother must be here in an hour."

Mercedes slightly closed her eyes as a sign of intelligence.

"I will accompany your friend myself," the chief said, "as far as the entrenchments of Carmen."

"I thank you, Don Torribio."

The two maidens tenderly embraced.

"In an hour," Dona Concha murmured.

"Good," Mercedes answered.

"You are at home here, madam," Nocobotha said to Dona Concha, who accompanied him to the entrance of the toldo.

Mercedes and the chief mounted their horses: the young Spanish girl followed them with eye and ear, and then re-entered the toldo.

"The game has begun, and he must reveal his plans to me."

In a quarter of an hour Mercedes and her guide came within fifty yards of Carmen, without having exchanged a word.

"Here," said Nocobotha, "you no longer require my services."

He turned back and galloped toward the camp. The girl advanced boldly in the direction of the town, whose gloomy outline rose before her. But a vigorous hand seized her bridle, she felt a pistol placed against her bosom, and a low voice said in Spanish—

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," she replied, suppressing a shriek of terror.

"Mercedes!" the rude voice exclaimed, becoming much softer.

"Pedrito!" she replied joyously, as she slipped into the arms of her brother, who embraced her affectionately.

"Where do you come from, little sister?"

"From the camp of the Patagonians."

"Already?"

"My mistress has sent me to you."

"Who accompanied you?"

"Nocobotha himself."

"Malediction!" the bombero said, "for five minutes I had him at the end of my rifle. Well, but come, we will talk inside."

"Oh!" Pedrito exclaimed, when Mercedes ended the narration of their expedition, "oh, women are demons, demons, and men plucked chickens; and your letter?"

"Here it is."

"Don Valentine must receive it to-night, for the poor father will be pining in mortal anxiety."

"I will carry it," said Mercedes.

"No; you need rest. I have a safe man here, who will ride to the estancia. You, little sister, come into the house, where a worthy woman, who knows me, will take care of you."

"Will you go to Dona Concha?"

"I should think so. Poor girl! alone among the Pagans."

"Ever devoted, my kind brother!"

"It seems that is my vocation."

Pedrito led Mercedes to the house he had referred to, warmly recommended her to the hostess, and then turned into a street, in the middle of which a large fire was burning, and several men reposing round it, wrapped in their cloaks. The bombero roughly shook the foot of one of the sleepers.

"Come, come, Patito," he said to him, "up with you, my boy, and gallop to the Estancia of San Julian."

"Why, I have just come from there," the gaucho muttered, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"The better reason; you must know the road. It is Dona Concha who sends you."

"If the senorita wishes it, of course," Patito said, whom the name thoroughly aroused; "what am I to do?"

"Mount your horse and carry this letter to Don Valentine; it is an important letter, you understand?"

"Very good."

"Let nobody take it from you."

"Of course not."

"If you are killed—"

"I shall be killed."

"When you are dead it must not even be found on you."

"I will swallow it."

"The Indians will not think of ripping you up."

"All right."

"Be off."

"Only give me time to saddle my horse."

"Good-bye, Patito, and luck be with you."

Pedrito left the gaucho, who speedily started.

"It is now my turn," the bombero muttered; "how am I to reach Dona Concha?"

He scratched his head and frowned, but ere long his forehead became unwrinkled, and he proceeded gayly to the fort. After a conference with Major Bloomfield, who had succeeded Don Antonio Valverde in command of the town, Pedrito doffed his clothes, and disguised himself as an Aucas. He set out, slipped into the Indian camp, and shortly before sunrise was back again in the town.

"Well?" his sister said to him.

"All goes well," the bombero answered, "*Vive Dieu!* Nocobotha, I fancy, will pay dearly for carrying off Don Sylvio. Oh, women are demons!"

"Am I to go and join her?"

"No; it is unnecessary."

And, without entering into any details, Pedrito, who was worn out with fatigue, selected a place to sleep in, snored away, not troubling himself about the Indians.

Several days elapsed ere the besiegers renewed their attack on the town, which, however, they invested more closely. The Spaniards, strictly blockaded, and having no communication with the exterior, found their provisions running short, and hideous famine would soon pounce on its victims. Fortunately, the indefatigable Pedrito had an idea which he communicated to Major Bloomfield. He had a hundred and fifty loaves worked up with arsenic water, and vitriol mingled with twenty barrels of spirits; the whole, loaded on mules, was placed under the escort of Pedrito, and his two brothers. The bomberos approached the Patagonian earthworks with this frugal stock of provisions. The Indians, who are passionately fond of firewater, rushed to meet the caravan, and seize the barrels. Pedrito and his brothers left their burden lying on the sand, and returned to the town at a gallop with the mules, which were intended to support the besieged, if the Patagonians did not make the assault.

There was a high holiday in the camp. The loaves were cut up; the heads of the barrels stove in, and nothing was left. This orgie cost the Indians six thousand men, who died in atrocious tortures. The others, struck with horror, began disbanding in all directions. The chiefs were no longer respected. Nocobotha himself saw his authority wavering before the superstition of the savages, who believed in a celestial punishment. The prisoners, men, women, and children, where massacred with horrible refinements of barbarity. Dona Concha, though protected by the great chief, only owed her escape to chance or to God, who preserved her as the instrument of His will.

The rage of the Indians, having no one left to vent itself on, gradually calmed down. Nocobotha went about constantly to restore courage. He felt that it was time to come to an end, and he gave Lucaney orders to assemble all the chiefs in his toldo.

"Great chiefs of the great nations," Nocobotha said to them, so soon as they were all collected round the council fire, "to-morrow, at daybreak, Carmen will be attacked on all sides at once. So soon as the town is taken the campaign will be over. Those who recoil are not men, but slaves. Remember that we are fighting for the liberty of our race."

He then informed each chief of the place of his tribe in the assault; formed a reserve of ten thousand men to support, if necessary, those who gave way, and, after cheering up the ulmens, he dismissed them. So soon as he was alone, he proceeded to Dona Concha's toldo. The young lady gave Lucaney orders to admit him. Dona Concha was talking with her father, who, on receiving her letter, through Patito, at once hastened to her.

The interior of the toldo was completely altered, for Nocobotha had placed in it furniture, carried off from the estancias by the Indians. Externally nothing was changed, but inside it was divided by partitions, and rendered a perfect European residence. Here Concha lived pleasantly enough, honored by the supreme chief and in the company of her father and Mercedes, who acted as her lady's maid.

The Indians, though somewhat astonished at their great toqui's mode of life, remembered the European education he had received, and dared not complain. Was not Nocobotha's hatred of the white men still equally ardent? Were not his words still full of love for his country at the council fire? Was it not he who had directed the invasion, and led the tribes on the path of liberty? Hence, Nocobotha had lost nothing in the opinion of the warriors. He was still their well-beloved chief.

"Is the effervescence of the tribes appeased?" Dona Concha asked Nocobotha.

"Yes, Heaven be thank, senorita; but the man commanding at Carmen is a wild beast. Six thousand men have been killed by poison."

"Oh, it is fearful," the young lady said.

"The whites are accustomed to treat us thus, and poison—"

"Say no more about it, Don Torribio; it makes me shudder."

"For centuries the Spaniards have been our murderers."

"What do you intend doing?" Don Valentine asked, in order to turn the conversation.

"To-morrow, senor, a general assault will be made on Carmen."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes. To-morrow I shall have destroyed the Spaniard's power in the Patagonia, or be dead myself."

"God will protect the good cause," Dona Concha said, in a prophetic voice.

A cloud passed over Don Valentine's forehead.

"During the battle, which will be obstinate, I implore you, senorita, not to leave this toldo, before which I will leave twenty men on guard."

"Are you going to leave us already, Don Torribio?"

"I must; so excuse me, madam."

"Good-bye, then," Dona Concha said.

"All is over?" Don Valentine murmured, in despair, when Nocobotha had gone out. "They will succeed."

The maiden, who was calm and half smiling, but whose eye was inflamed with hatred, walked up to Don Valentine, clasped her hands on his shoulder, and said, in a whisper—

"Have you read the Bible, father?"

"Yes; when I was young."

"Do you remember the history of Samson and Delilah?"

"Do you mean to cut his hair off, then?"

"Do you remember Judith and Holofernes?"

"Then you mean to cut his head off?"

"No, father."

"What mean these strange questions?"

"I love Don Sylvio!"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

A Story of the Moscow Railway.

I was at Moscow in the winter of 186-, and had exhausted the programme of "sights" which every true believer in the British system of travelling is bound to go through. I had traversed the glittering halls of the Imperial Palace, and made the circuit of the red turret-crowned wall which girdles the Kremlin; I had looked down upon the frozen Moskva from the summit of the Ivan Veliki tower, and marvelled at the fantastic coloring of the pineapple-shaped church of Vasili the Blessed. I had stood within the voiceless lips of the Mammoth Bell, and peered into the muzzle of the Monster Cannon. I had bought photographs in the Kouznetski Most, and sipped tea in the Troitski Traktcer, and I was now awaiting the arrival of a friend from St. Petersburg, in whose company I proposed extending my travels eastward as far as Nijni.

An eminent authority has said, "In travelling through a romantic country, select a practical companion; in a flat country, select a romantic one." Strictly speaking, the scenery of Central Russia can hardly be called romantic, the best way to form an idea of it being to multiply a billiard board by five millions, and subtract the cushions; but my proposed companion was one who would have neutralized the effect of a tropical sunset or a moonlight view from Mount Olivet. A more thoroughly practical man than Fred Allfact never breathed; and I would confidently have prescribed him as a corrective to an imagination as luxuriant as that of Victor Hugo or the author of "Phantastes." No play of fancy had a moment's chance with that remorseless Manchester intellect, and we had a joke against him on that score at Rugby which is hardly forgotten yet. One of the inmates of our dormitory was telling a story (*horresco referens*) of a phantom ship, the crew whereof had perished in mutual conflict, and were thenceforth doomed to remain lifeless on the deck during the day, while at midnight they acted again the butchery which had been the closing scene of their mortal career. Just at this moment, while the indrawn breath of the audience testified their emotion, Fred's slow, sententious tones were heard: "Well, I really don't see why the poor fellows mightn't have gone and amused themselves during the day, and then come back in time for the fight in the evening!"

I had got a good breakfast ready for Fred, for the practical man has a practical appetite, likely to be doubled after such a journey. To go from St. Petersburg to Moscow in winter is no light matter; in the first class you are stewed alive; in the second you are frozen to death; and in both smothered with smoke by your fellow-passengers; and although in point of speed a great advance has recently been made (the time of transit being reduced from twenty hours to nineteen and a half), yet this, under such circumstances, is quite long enough. Ten A. M. being the usual hour of arrival, I had a plentiful repast on the table by 10.30, concluding that (as the train stops only nine times for refreshment), my friend would probably stand in need of it. The half-hour struck, and he did not appear. I went to the window, in the hope of speedily beholding a sledge come jolting into the snow-heaped court-yard, bearing Fred and all his fortunes, but nothing was to be seen. The three-quarters struck; then the hour—and I was beginning to feel surprised, for those creeping trains are usually punctual—when the long-expected guest made his appearance. But instead of bursting into the room with a loud laugh and a boisterous greeting, according to custom, he entered with the uncertain step of a sleep-walker, and without uttering a sound. It needed but one glance at his face to tell me that something extraordinary must have befallen him. The jovial, rubicund visage was now deadly pale; the firm lips quivered convulsively; the clear bright eye was dilated with horror. Few men who had seen Fred Allfact on the brink of an Alpine precipice, or in the midst of an Atlantic hurricane, would have recognised him now.

"What on earth's the matter with you, man?" asked I. "Why, you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I've seen worse," replied he, in a tremulous voice. "Good Heavens! I've often heard of such things, but I never believed in them before. By Jove! its too horrible!"

"What is? what's it all about?"

"Give me some breakfast, and then I'll tell you. Perhaps I'll be able to eat now. I haven't touched a morsel all the way."

"What, not for twenty hours? You ought to be hungry, then. Well, eat first, and talk afterwards."

He made the attempt, but it was a miserable pretence. To me, who remembered his breakfast before ascending Mont Blanc, and his supper after swimming across the Vistula, there was something portentous in this sudden loss of appetite; and I eagerly awaited the recital of his adventures, which he commenced as follows:—

"We left Petersburg at the usual time yesterday, and I, wishing to make myself comfortable (for it was desperately cold,) got into a first-class compartment, where I found an officer, a lady, and a man who might have been anything, for his fur collar and cap hid his face completely. The train was just going to start, and that was perhaps the reason why no more people got in; though, indeed, there would not have been much room for them anyhow, for each of us had a good deal of baggage, except, to be sure, the wrapped-up man, who seemed to have nothing with him but a large bundle. Well, off went the train, and for the first fifteen or twenty versts I was as silent as poor Albert Smith used to say the English always are in foreign society; but by-and-by I got to exchanging a few words with the officer, and presently the lady, who was with him, joined in. They spoke in French, at which I'm pretty fluent, as you know" (Fred could never "be bothered" to learn Russian,) "so in a little time we rattled away famously, and by the time we got to Luban, where the first twenty minutes' halt is made, we were all as thick as thieves. Here my two friends got out to take a snack, but I, having made a big dinner just before leaving, didn't think it worth while eating again so soon, and just strolled up and down the platform, till, noticing that the muffled man didn't get out, I went to see what he was doing.

"All the time we had been talking this man never said a word, but sat in his corner like a wax figure; and when I looked in and saw him still sitting there motionless with his bundle beside him, it reminded me somehow of a picture I saw long ago where a murderer was sitting watching beside the body of his victim."

"What!" cried I. "Fred Allfact turning imaginative! Wonders will never cease."

"Ah, it's all very well for you to chaff," retorted Fred, rather acrimoniously; "you think that because a fellow knows how to take care of himself he's got no more imagination than a codfish, but I've got as much as you, anyhow."

"My dear fellow," replied I, "I'll concede you the imagination of Shakespeare if you like; only go on with your story, for I'm rather anxious to hear the *denouement*."

"Perhaps you won't like it so much when you do hear it," said Fred, gloomily; "but to continue. The man looked up in a quick, suspicious way as I got in, exposing a part of his face for the first time. He was so coarsely dressed that I wondered how he came to travel first-class at all; but in that moment I caught a glimpse of a face which never belonged to one of the *bourgeoisie* since the world began."

"Miracle upon miracle!" exclaimed I. Can this be Fred Allfact, whose favorite maxim used to be that one man is as good as another?"

"Ah, you may laugh," responded my friend; "but wait till I get to the end of my story, and then laugh if you can. Well, presently the officer and the lady got in again, and we resumed our conversation. I don't know how it was, but somehow our talk turned upon murders, and one horrible story succeeded another, till at last I got quite sick of it, and said, rather excitedly, 'There is one thing to comfort one over all these horrors—that the villains who cause them are certain to be found out and punished."

"I had scarcely uttered the words when a low, chuckling laugh came from under the wrappings of the unknown, which made me start as if I had been stung. There was something in the sound so positively infernal that I really felt as if it had been the devil himself. But before I could speak, the stranger joined in the conversation for the first time.

"'Monsieur is of opinion, then,' said he, in the most perfect French, 'that it is impossible to commit a murder without being detected?'

"'Just so,' replied I, rather curtly, for there was a latent sarcasm in his tone which made me think he was laughing at me, though I could not tell how nor why.'

"'Then I fear, I must take the liberty of differing from monsieur on that point,' returned he, in a smooth, slippery kind of voice, that gave me the same feeling one has in looking at a snake. 'I have known many cases where all investigation proved fruitless, and where the murderer is probably at large still.'

"'Were these cases of which you speak in Russia?' asked I.

"'In Russia and elsewhere,' he rejoined. 'But it strikes me that even in England murderers are not always brought to justice. I have some remembrance of a story called the "Waterloo Bridge Murder," which seemed to end in nothing. Messieurs de la Police are very clever, but they are not omniscient.'

"'They're cleverer than people think them, perhaps,' said I, rather sharply, for I already felt an unaccountable aversion to the man, although I had hardly spoken with him for two minutes.

"'Perhaps!' he returned, with a slight sneer; 'but for all that I would not mind laying a wager that you might sit opposite to a murderer and talk with him—ay, just after the deed was done—without finding him out.'

"He pronounced the last words in a tone almost of triumph, which made me tingle from head to foot. Had I followed my impulse at that moment, I should have collared him and cried out, Seize this man! he's a murderer.

"And you'd have been right, I suppose," interrupted I, beginning to feel interested.

"You'll find out about that later on," returned Fred, who never likes to be hurried in a story. "I saw that my two companions had their suspicions of him likewise, and no wonder; for to hear a man dressed like a porter talking pure French, and expressing himself as this fellow had done, was enough to set any one a-thinking. Whether they had an idea of anything wrong, or merely took him for some young swell out on a frolic, I can't say; but just as I was going to hint my suspicions to them, the train stopped at Volkhoff, and my two friends got out to eat as before. Directly they were gone the stranger got out too, saying to me, very politely, 'Will you kindly see that no one takes my place while I get some dinner?' Of course I agreed, and away he went. You'd hardly believe that even I, unimaginative as you call me, felt a sort of horror at being left alone there, just as if some evil presence were with me in the carriage; though (excepting our baggage and the stranger's bundle) there was nothing there but myself. And the feeling gained so upon me that at last I got out and stood by the door.

"My two companions were soon back again, but when the train started the stranger was still missing. I noticed this to the officer, who replied that he had probably got into another carriage by mistake, and that we should see him at the next station. However, he didn't appear, and as station after station passed without any sign of him, we at last called the guard (I forget what station it was) and told him the whole story. The guard laughed and said something in Russ, and then got out; when the officer turned to me and said, 'He tells me that this man is probably a rogue who has left his package on purpose, intending by-and-by to claim some one else's luggage instead of his own; and so, to make all safe, he means to open the bundle at once, and we are to go with him and see it done.' So we all went into the guard-room, and the man undid the bundle, which seemed to contain nothing but a fine velvet cloak tightly rolled up. He unrolled it, and instantly jumped back with a loud 'Ach!' as if he had trodden upon a serpent; and no wonder, for when I stepped forward to look, what should I see but a woman's head!"

"A woman's head!" echoed I, incredulously. "Pooh! it must have been a wax model, or the head of a lay figure."

"Not a bit; it was a real head, if ever I saw one, and not very long cut off, either. The face was the most beautiful I ever saw, looking quite like ivory upon the black velvet, and not the least distorted: she must have been killed sleeping. There was a jeweled tiara in the hair, as if for a ball; but the strangest thing was a small piece of paper fixed on the forehead, inscribed, 'The jewels for Moscow; the head for St. Petersburg.'"

"What did that mean?" asked I.

"I can't imagine; but the man who wrote it was most likely half mad at the time. Well, you may fancy what a to-do there was; the news soon got abroad, and a whole crowd came flocking in, and we had to tell all we know, and to leave our addresses, in case our evidence should be required. Altogether it was nearly an hour before we got off, and that's why I arrived so late. What do you think of that now?"

"It's a frightful story, certainly," said I; "but there must be some explanation shortly. The murder must have been done in St. Petersburg, and will soon be known there. Let us see what to-day's paper says when it arrives. It ought to be in to-morrow."

The next day Fred pounced upon the first attainable copy of the Petersburg news, and hastily casting his eye over it, exclaimed, suddenly, "This must be it. Listen!

"'*Shocking and Mysterious Occurrence.*—The whole capital has just been thrown into consternation by one of those atrocious murders which from time to time seem to recall the crimes of the Dark Ages. The victim, as all will grieve to learn, is the well-known and charming Princess Hedzoff.*

"'It appears that yesterday morning the Princess's maid, on taking a cup of chocolate to her mistress (who had graced a ball with her presence the evening before), was horrified to find the latter stretched lifeless on the floor bathed in blood. Frightful to relate, the head had been completely severed from the body, and was nowhere to be found. * * We regret to add that there is reason to fear that this appalling bereavement has driven to self-destruction the unfortunate Prince, her husband, who has not been heard of since the night of the murder.'"

"Very neatly smoothed over, that last bit," remarked Fred, significantly. "But it's not to *self*-destruction that he's been driven, anyhow. Well! who would believe this, I wonder, if they were to see it in a book?"

"The impossible is always true, you know," observed I. "It seems there are white Othellos as well as black. Well done the nineteenth century! Let us go and get a mouthful of fresh air."

And out we went accordingly.

*I have here made use of a fictitious name, for obvious reasons.

☞ A little girl, while at a party, left on the table half of an orange. On passing the house next morning, she thought of the orange, and, feeling like finishing it, she entered the house, and said to the lady:—"Mrs. ——, I left part of an orange here last night, and I called to get it. If you can't find it, you needn't trouble yourself about it, as a whole small orange will do just as well."

☞ Little four-year-old Massie had long been vainly endeavoring to pucker his mouth into shape for the whistling of a national tune he had heard upon the street. At last he went to his mother in despair, exclaiming, "Ma, I's so little I can't make a hole big enough for Yankee Doolum to dit out!"

☞ "Please accept a lock of my hair," said an old bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl. "Sir, you had better give the whole wig." "Madame, you are very biting indeed, considering that your teeth are porcelain."

☞ A sentimental editor says: "It is comforting to know that one eye watches fondly for our coming, and looks brighter when we come." A cotemporary is grieved to learn that his "brother of the quill has a wife with one eye."

☞ Every young couple who desire to make a good start in life must keep two bears in the house, and feed them well—namely bear and forbear.

☞ The latest curiosity is a baby eight weeks old who has "crossed the continent." It is stated that he will not lecture on the trip for years to come.

☞ THEOLOGICAL.—When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard, they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor loss.

☞ A little girl, worn out by a long sermon, observing the preacher gathering himself for the introduction of another "point," exclaimed, "Oh, mother, he is not going to quit at all! he is swelling up again."

☞ The other day a gentleman, who was staying at St. Cloud, witnessed a curious scene, highly characteristic at once of the Emperor's *bonhommie* and adroitness. He was walking in a part of the park to which the public is admitted, and was followed and dogged about by a parcel of troublesome and curious children. He probably did not like to seem ill-natured by ordering them off; so he sought out one of the gingerbread stalls which are always to be found in the neighborhood, purchased the whole of the stock at a bargain, and then upsetting the entire concern with his own hand, left the contents to the mercy of the hungry crowd of urchins.

☞ A fascinating young Englishman left Cleveland suddenly last week, while under engagement of marriage with two of the belles of that city. A woman from England had come along that way, hunting her husband.

☞ An experienced traveller says that behind a locomotive is about as safe a place as this world affords.

☞ European physicians have no fears of the cholera this year. Sanitary measures at Mecca in May were effectual to prevent the development of the disease.

The Mustang, or Wild Horse of the Prairies.

The beauty of the mustang is proverbial. One in particular has been celebrated by hunters, of which marvellous stories are told. He has been represented as a medium-sized stallion of perfect symmetry, milk-white, save a pair of black ears—a natural pacer, and so fleet, it has been said, as to leave far behind every horse that has been tried in pursuit of him, without breaking his pace. But I infer that this story is somewhat mythical, from the difficulty which one finds in fixing the abiding place of its equine hero. He is familiarly known, by common report, all over the great prairies. The trapper celebrates him in the vicinity of the northern Rocky Mountains; the hunter, on the Arkansas, or in the midst of the plains; while others have him pacing, at the rate of half a mile a minute, on the borders of Texas.

"The wild horses are generally well formed, with trim and clean limbs; still their elegance has been much exaggerated by travellers, because they have been seen at large, abandoned to their wild and natural gaiety. Then, it is true, they appear superb indeed; but, when caught and tamed, they generally dwindle down to ordinary ponies. Large droves are very frequently seen upon the prairies, sometimes of a hundred together, gamboling and curveting within a short distance of the caravans. It is sometimes difficult to keep them from dashing among the loose stock of the traveller, which would be exceedingly dangerous; for once together, they are hard to separate again, particularly if the number of mustangs is much the greatest. It is a singular fact, that the gentlest wagon horse (even though quite fagged with travel,) once among a drove of mustangs, will often acquire, in a few hours, all the intractable wildness of his untamed companions.

"The mustang is sometimes taken by the cruel expedient of 'creasing,' which consists in shooting him through the upper *crease* of the neck, above the cervical vertebræ; when, the ball cutting the principal nerve, he falls as suddenly as if shot in the brain, and remains senseless for a few minutes, during which he is secured with a rope. He soon recovers from the shock, however, and springs to his feet, but finds himself deprived of his liberty. He is easily tamed after this, and the wound heals without leaving any physical injury. But 'creasing' is so nice an operation, that many are killed in the attempt. If the ball pass a little too low, it fractures a vertebræ and kills the poor brute instantly."

Deformities.

Bowed legs and knocking knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity; and wise mothers assert that the crookedness in either case arises from the afflicted one having been put upon his or her feet too early in babyhood. But a Manchester physician, Dr. Crompton, who has watched for the true cause, thinks differently. He attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles pressed together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they don't attempt to make it when they are socked or slippered. So the remedy is obvious—keep the baby's soles covered. Knocking knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side, with one leg tucked into the hollow behind the other. He has found that where one leg has been bowed inwards more than the other, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been the most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the insides of the knees so as to keep them apart and let the limbs grow freely their own way.

☞ At Burr Oak, Michigan, a young woman aged about twenty-three years, who had been married about five years, recently deliberately went off with her husband's youngest brother. All was done with the full knowledge of the injured husband. His wife packed up her bed and clothing in his presence, which were placed in a wagon, together with herself and child, by her paramour, when they were driven about a mile to the residence of her husband's father, the husband and another brother following on foot. Here the whole matter, contemplated for over a year, was freely and deliberately talked over, the woman declaring that she never loved her husband as well as she did his youngest brother. The young man then coolly helped his brother's wife and child into the wagon, and getting in himself, they left for parts unknown.

☞ It is a remark of Mr. Wallace, in his interesting work on the Malay Archipelago, that, contrary to the ideas entertained by most people, the coloring of vegetation in the tropics is by no means equal to the coloring in more temperate regions.

☞ English and American laws make no adequate legal provision either for the prevention or the punishment of Insult. It is a great omission—and leads to frequent acts of violence.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The demand is limited. Sales comprise about 9000 bbls at $5@5,50 for superfine; $6,75@6 for extra; $6,25@7,50 for North-West extra family; small lots of choice do at $8; Pennsylvania family at $6,25@7,25; Ohio and Indiana family at $6,75@8,25, and fancy brands at $8,50@11 ℔ bbl, according to quality.

GRAIN—There has been a fair demand for Wheat —26,000 bus of old Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern red sold at $1,50@1,57; 15,000 bus of new Pennsylvania and Western red at $1,50@1,57; 20,000 bus of new Delaware red at $1,52@1,60, including a lot of choice at $1,62; 1500 bus California at $1,70@1,75; and 1000 bus of New York white at $1,70@1,75 ℔ bus. Rye—2500 bus Western and Pennsylvania sold $1,25@1,25. Corn—28,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,10@1,16; 20,000 bus of yellow at $1,14@1,18, and 25,000 bus of white at $1,10@1,13. Oats—40,000 bus of old Western sold at 74@76c; 10,000 bus of old Pennsylvania at 68@72c, and 7000 bus of new Southern at 59@60c ℔ bus, according to quality.

PROVISIONS—There is rather more doing, and prices are firmer. Sales of 500 bbls Mess Pork at $33,25@34. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@21c; Excelsior Hams at 23c; Sides at 18@19½c, and Shoulders at 15½@16c. Green Meats; 400 tcs pickled Hams sold at 16½@18½c; and 60,000 ℔s salt Shoulders at 14½c.

COTTON—About 1000 bales of middlings sold in lots at 34c for Uplands, and 34½@35c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $1,50@4, and Peaches at 40c@$1 ℔ basket.

HAY—Sales of new Hay, ℔ 100 lbs, 90c@$1,25; old, $1,50@1,70; Straw $1,50@1,31.

SEEDS—We quote Cloverseed at $9@9,50, according to quality. Timothy—Sales are reported at $5@5,50. 500 bus of Flaxseed sold at $2,65 ℔ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ℔ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 60 ℔ head. Sheep—13,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5½c ℔ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,00 ℔ 100 lbs.

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Twenty cents for each additional insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

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If you should desire at any time to write a document in such a manner as to render attempts at altering or falsifying your manuscript impossible, bear in mind a hint given in a French paper-makers' journal, that by steeping paper in a *very* weak solution of gallic acid, you obtain a writing surface upon which ordinary ink makes a mark that defies deceitful erasure or alteration, by rendering any attempt at such easily detectable. We are not told in what way: but it is probable that the gallic acid treatment causes the ink to penetrate the paper so that the writing cannot be scratched out. This hint ought to be of use to novel writers, who hinge the interest of three volumes upon an erasure in a will or a settlement; but it most concerns the law stationers and the bankers' cheque printers.

☞ NOTHING WONDERFUL.—A gentleman said, the other day, that it was a most wonderful circumstance, but he knew at that moment at least a hundred persons who were "living from hand to mouth." What is there wonderful in that, we should like to know? Why, there are at the present time, in London alone, three millions of people who are *living*, not only "from hand to mouth," but from *head to heel!*

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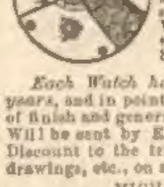

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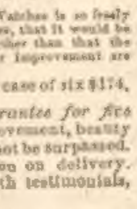

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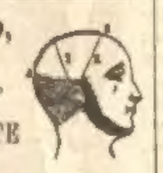

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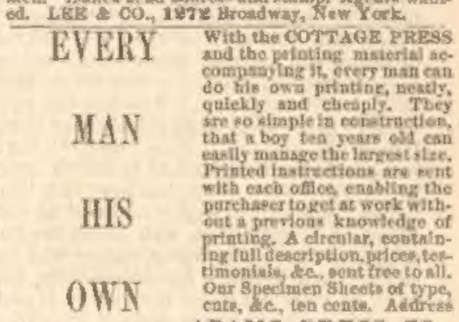

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Hair in a Watch.

A good story is told of two boys living in Western New York, many years ago, whose father, on his return from a visit to the East, brought them as a present a silver "bull's eye" watch. There was a warm discussion as to which of the boys should carry it—but it was finally decided that one boy should carry it one day, and the other the next; and that the one not carrying the watch should always have the key in his possession. This watch was the only one in the settlement, and the display of even the key was an enviable ornament. One day the elder of the brothers was to make a journey to the city, to be gone two days; and, after a long and serious consultation, it was determined that he must maintain the dignity of the family by wearing the watch; but the younger was to retain the key. So they bethought them to give it a good winding, that it might run for twice its usual period of twenty-four hours. The key was applied and twisted vigorously for fifteen minutes, when they found to their consternation that the little machine no longer "ticked." They shook it and thumped it; no signs of life appeared. So a diagnosis was determined upon. After careful inspection of the interior mysteries, the elder brother exclaimed—

"I have it, Joe! Don't you see that fine hair curled up in there? that's what stops it."

"Fact," said Joe, that must be it. Can't we yank it out?"

A pin was at once bent up into a hook, and "the hair" was "yanked" out. The watch didn't go any better when relieved of it; and to this day the boys have not been permitted to forget the watch with the hair in it.

Not the Right "Scentin' Stuff."

A long, lean, gaunt Yankee entered a drug store and asked—

"Be you the drugger?"

"Well, I s'pose so; I sell drugs."

"Wal, hev you got any uv this here scentin' stuff as the girls put on their handkerchers?"

"O, yes."

"Wal, our Sal is goin' to be married, and she gin me a ninepence and told me to invest the whole amount in scentin' stuff, so's to make her sweet, if I could find some to suit; so if you've a mind, I'll just smell round."

The Yankee smelled around without being suited, until the druggist got tired of him, and taking down a bottle of hartshorn, said:

"I've got a scenting stuff that will suit you. A single drop on your handkerchief will last for weeks, and you can't wash it out; but to get the strength of it you must take a big smell."

"Is that so, mister? Wal, just hold on a minute, till I get my breath, and when I say neow, you put it under my smellers."

The directions were of course followed, and the Yankee was nearly knocked off his pins; but recovering himself, he exclaimed:

"Chain lightnin', Mr. Drugger! is the top of my head on? Sal don't want nothin' like that; it would break up a camp-meetin' in ten minutes. You haint got the right kind o' stuff."

Why a Ship is Feminine.

Notes from a Lady's Log Book.—Packet Ship D——, Mid Atlantic.—Sat on deck several hours to-day, seeing the sailors mend the sails and learning why a ship is called "she." The mate has been given me lessons. She has a "waist," and wears "stays," "aprons," "caps" and "bonnets;" and if you examine her closely you may discover in different parts of her dress "whalebones," "hooks" and "eyes," "pins" and "needles." She is coquettish, too, and fond of dress, and one may catch her almost any hour of the day making a new toilet, tightening her "stay laces," "reefing her petticoats;" or what is worse, if the day is fine, "painting her pretty face," and "lying on her side" to admire herself in the clear mirror of the waves. She has her "husband" in her "agent," a lazy "lubber," in some home or foreign port, who keeps her busy tripping it over the water, spring and fall, summer and winter. He seldom fails, however, to meet her when the voyage is over; and a fairer sight you would not wish to see than this ocean lady, as she sails expectant into port, her white robes unfurled, the ribbons flying, and a gay flag for a top knot tossing in the breeze!

Shrewd.

A gentleman was chatting with a little girl on a railway train, when she suddenly looked up in his face and said—

"You look like Abraham Lincoln."

"Do I?" said the gentleman; "how do you know I'm not?"

"He's dead," said the child, with an astonished look at the questioner; "they killed him."

"Well," said the gentleman, "but didn't Abraham Lincoln have a brother?"

The child looked puzzled for a minute, and then quietly remarked—

"My father saw Abraham Lincoln."

"Did he?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes; after he was dead he saw him. Did you ever see him?"

"No," said the gentleman, "I never saw him."

"Then," said the child, triumphantly, "of course you ain't his brother."

The Letter "L."

Once upon a time when Miss Logan was playing at the South, her manager happened to be a veritable cockney, with a chronic habit of omitting his h's where they should be and inserting them where they should not be; as "art" for "heart," "edge" for "hedge," and the like. On arriving at the place, Miss Logan was indignant at finding no room had been prepared for her, and said as much. At this the manager bawled out at the top of his voice, "Miss Logan's room is hell! 'Ere boy, make a fire in hell, and put Miss Logan in there!" The good humor of the lady was at once restored; for she knew that he referred to the room marked on the door with a capital "L."

A USEFUL DOG.—A Breton peasant, on his way to Paris, stopped at a barber's shop in Rambouillet. While the barber was strapping his razor the peasant noticed a dog sitting near his chair and staring at him fixedly. "What is the matter with that dog," said the peasant, "that he stares so at me?" The barber answered with an unconcerned air: "That dog is always there. You see him when I cut off a piece of an ear—" "Well?" "Well, he eats it."

A POSER.

"No, my good friend, you must not '*leave it to me!*' Now, look here! If you went into a public-house, and partook of a certain number of glasses of ale, you would not like the bartender to '*leave it to you!*'"

"My eye! Just wouldn't I, though? that's all!"

FORSAKEN.

She stood within the bayed recess,
And gazed out on the sleeping sea
Bathed in the star-light's loveliness,
As still as mortal things may be;
Far off she saw the fisher's sail,
The one lone thing upon the wave.
She murmured: "Ah! the love he gave
Than that slight bark was far more frail."

She leaned against the tapestry;
The vision of a long-lost son
In faded colors curiously
With antique shapes was worked thereon.
Still gazed she—could no more discern
The shadow on the ocean vast;
Beneath the horizon sank the mast,
She whispered, "He will ne'er return."

There came up from the darkened west
A cloud with ever-deepening frown;
The waves awoke, and, from their crest,
Snow-flakes by rising winds were blown.
The white cliffs took a wilder form,
In broken shafts the moonbeams slid,
The frightened stars their glories hid,
She sadly sighed, "There comes a storm."

The fierce night bellowed into day,
The cruel day thundered into night,
Till once again the pallid gray
Waxed stronger into noontide's light;
The wild winds hush into a psalm,
And softer sounds the Heavens fill—
A sweet voice whispers, "Peace! be still!"
She murmured low, "There comes a calm."

God's acre owns another mound,
The grass with fresh-dropped tears is wet
Where loving hands have planted round
The lily and the violet.
Years pass. There comes across the sea
A man whose brow is lined with care,
He seeks that grave—he bows him there—
"Oh, Lilian! I come back to thee!"

Calhoun, Jackson, and Webster.

"When John C. Calhoun was sitting to me, I knew very well that he and Jackson hated each other; but I ventured to ask him, one day, if he believed that the President had actually written a very able message which had just appeared over his signature. 'Every line of it, sir,' he said, 'was his inspiration, and contains his sentiments. It may have been put into its literary form by a secretary. But nobody understands American politics better than General Jackson. He has an iron memory, and has his own opinions on all American subjects.'

"The subject of phrenological indications came up. Mr. Powers said:—I do not know how far the science may be true, but there are certainly very striking coincidences between many craniological signs and the character of those who bear them. Take the great development over the eyebrows, where the perceptive faculties are placed by phrenologists. I think have never known a public man of striking insight into the popular will who had not protuberant brows. Jackson, who knew the popular heart instinctively, and owes his reputation to his power of expressing it, and leading it where it wanted to go, had marked perceptive organs. Henry Clay, who played in his speeches upon the latent thoughts and feelings of his audience, and seemed to mould them, only because he was first moulded by them, had the same striking indications in his brow. Mr. Calhoun, who understood the Southern heart completely, was of great perceptive faculty, and it was stamped on his forehead, but, unhappily he kept his fingers on the Southern pulse only, and failed to feel the Northern wrist, and so he lost the benefit of his insight. Mr. Webster had no marked development of the perceptive faculties. His general reason prevailed over his special insight or close national sympathy with the popular will. He was absorbed by his argument and wrapped up in principles. He spoke with all his power and logic, with little reference to the immediate feelings of his hearers, and thus lost power as a shaper and exponent of American will. Everett, who was equally deficient in this special craniological indication, could not carry the sympathies of the common people, whom he did not instinctively understand. He won admiration and respect, but not leadership.

"Mr. Calhoun said:—'Jackson was a great actor. The people thought him bluff, outspoken, frank, and impulsive, and liked him for those qualities. But he often assumed anger, when he was calm as a clock, for effect. Especially when he thought himself right, but was unable to defend his position in argument, where, for want of training and words, he was often weak, he resorted to rage, and frightened his antagonists by the vehemence and violence of affected passion. When he could not answer arguments, he often dismissed them in this summary and very effective way.'"—"*Sittings with Powers, the Sculptor*," *in Appletons' Journal.*

☞ TOOTH PULLING EXTRA.—A lady in Sarnia was recently reading to her little son that passage of Scripture quoted from the Mosaic law, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," when the boy exclaimed—"Mamma, what a time the dentists must have had then!"—*Canada Journal of Dental Science.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Bots in Horses.

We copy the following excellent illustration of a group of bots attached to the stomach of a horse, and a full history of the Bot, from "Stonehenge, McClure and Harvey on the horse," a very complete work, recently published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia:

The larvæ of the *œstrus equi*, a species of gadfly, are often found in large numbers, attached by a pair of hooks with which they are provided, to the cardiac extremity of the stomach; they are very rarely met with in the true digestive portion of this organ, but sometimes in the duodenum or jejunum in small numbers. A group of these larvæ, which are popularly called bots, are

Group of Bots Attached to the Stomach.

represented by the annexed cut, but sometimes nearly all the cardiac extremity of the stomach is occupied with them, the interstices being occupied by little projections which are caused by those that have let go their hold, and have been expelled with the food. Several of these papillæ are shown on the engraving, which delineates also the appearance of the bots themselves, so that no one can fail to recognize them when he sees them. This is important, for it often happens that a meddlesome groom when he sees them expelled from or hanging to the verge of the anus, as they often do for a short time, thinks it necessary to use strong medicine; whereas, in the first place, he does no good, for none is known which will kill the larvæ without danger to the horse, and, in the second, if he will only have a little patience, every bot will come away in the natural course of things, and until the horse is turned out to grass, during the season when the œstrus deposits its eggs, he will never have another in his stomach.

The *œstrus equi* comes out from the pupa state in the middle and latter part of summer, carrying according to the season, and the female soon finds the proper nidus for her eggs in the hair of the nearest horse turned out to grass. She manages to glue them to the sides of the hair so firmly that no ordinary friction will get rid of them, and her instinct teaches her to select those parts within reach of the horse's tongue, such as the hair of the fore legs and sides. Here they remain until the heat of the sun hatches them, when, being no larger in diameter than a small pin, each larva is licked off and carried down the gullet to the stomach, to the thick epithelium of which it soon attaches itself by its hooks. Here it remains until the next spring, having attained the size which is represented in the engraving during the course of the first two months of its life, and then it fulfills its allotted career, by letting go and being carried out with the dung. On reaching the outer air it soon assumes the chrysalis condition, and in three or four weeks bursts its covering to become the perfect insect.

From this history it will be evident that no preventive measures will keep off the attacks of the fly when the horse is at grass, and, indeed, in those districts where they abound, they will deposit their ova in the hair of the stabled horse if he is allowed to stand still for a few minutes. The eggs are, however, easily recognised in any horse but a chestnut, to which color they closely assimilate, and as they are never deposited in large numbers on the stabled horse they may readily be relieved by the groom. Unlike other parasites, they seem to do little or no harm, on account of the insensible nature of the part of the stomach to which they are attached, and, moreover their presence is seldom discovered until the season of their migration, when interference is uncalled for. On all accounts, therefore, it is unnecessary to enter into the question, whether it is possible to expel them; and even if by chance one comes away prematurely it will be wise to avoid interfering by attempting to cause the expulsion of those left behind.

Dr. Dadd says, in some of his later books, that though he once believed, as most of the veterinary schools teach, that bots are harmless to horses, yet the facts of his experience and observation had forced him to a different conclusion. In one case where a horse died in his presence, "the autopsy revealed the presence of a large cluster of bots, numbering two hundred and seventy-five, located within and around the lower part of the gullet, and just within the entrance of the stomach, and so completely obstructing the passage, that it was impossible for the food to pass," and he had no doubt that bots were the exciting cause of the death of the horse.

In one sense, all parasites may be said to be "natural"—lice on animals and trees, borers, tape worms, flies, fleas, ticks, grubs, &c., &c. But when in excess, if not at other times, all these are known to be injurious to the health and vigor of the plant or animal on which they prey. The scale louse, notwithstanding "the insensible nature" of the bark of an apple tree, will, if numerous, check its growth, if not destroy its life. Why then may not the bot prove injurious to the horse, as grubs do in the head of a sheep, or in the back of a cow? Still it is probable that bots do less injury than is popularly supposed, and that the books are nearer right than many believe.

The fact that bots are found in healthy horses when killed by accident, might only show what is generally understood to be true, that parasites often remain apparently inactive and harmless in ordinary states of the health of their victims, but in case of weakness, or fatigue, or fasting, or a cold, or other illness, they cause trouble, and not unfrequently death.

But be this as it may, we have little faith in the efficacy of the multitudinous remedies for bots with which horses are dosed. Regularity in feeding, with an occasional run at grass, or feeds of carrots or other roots, to preserve the general health, we should recommend instead of "powerful doses" of any kind. Mr. Youatt says, "bots cannot be removed by medicine, because they are not in that part of the stomach to which medicine is usually conveyed; and if they were their mouths are too deeply buried in the mucus for any medicine that can be safely administered to affect them; and, last of all, in due course of time they detach themselves, and come away."

Early Cut Hay.

Dr. Nichols, editor of the Boston Journal of Chemistry, records an experiment on the subject of early-cut hay, which cannot but have great interest for farmers. He says that he had one acre of grass, red-top and clover, that was cut June 19th, and the hay stored by itself. On the first of last March he put his herd of ten cows upon it, and the immediate increase in the flow of milk amounted to ten quarts per day. The hay fed them before was of the same variety, but cut after the middle of July. The early cut hay "spent" fully as well as the later cut, no more of it was consumed, and Dr. Nichols estimates that the money value of the product from this hay, fed to ten cows, was greater by near a dollar a day than that from the other. Dr. Nichols also repeats the opinion he has expressed before, that most hay is dried too much, and declares that if grass is entirely freed from external moisture, as that in the form of dew and rain, it will cure better in the mow than anywhere else, provided enough exposure to wind and sun is had to cause one half of the water circulating in the vessels of the plant to be evaporated. This is accomplished in six or eight hours of favorable weather.

WHAT MAKES A BUSHEL.—Wheat, sixty pounds; corn, shelled, fifty-six pounds; rye, fifty-six pounds; oats, thirty-two pounds; barley, forty-six pounds; buckwheat, fifty-six pounds; Irish potatoes, sixty pounds; sweet potatoes, sixty pounds; onions, fifty-seven pounds; beans, sixty pounds; bran, twenty pounds; clover seed, sixty pounds; Timothy seed, forty-five pounds; hemp seed, forty-five pounds; blue grass seed, fourteen pounds; dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.

RECEIPTS.

ROOT BEER.—First, then, the ingredients (which will fill about two dozen pint bottles): Thirteen quarts of water. Three handsful of hops. Three pints of molasses. Two tumblersful of baker's yeast. Two tablespoonsful of essence of sassafras. Two teaspoonsful of essence of ginger. The juice of two lemons. Now the *modus operandi:* 1st. Put your hops on the fire to boil in two quarts of water. 2d. Pour eleven quarts of water into a pail. 3d. Stir in (the pail) the molasses. 4th. Pour in the (strained) lemon-juice. 5th. Add the essences. (By this time the hops boil.) 6th. Pour the water from the hops (through a strainer) into the pail. 7th. Stir in the yeast. Let it stand half an hour or so to settle, then bottle and cork it. It will be in prime order in two or three days. Now let me tell you how to arrange the bottles and corks, so that the same shall last all the summer: To string the bottles, take a piece of strong brown twine about a foot long, double it, make a knot about an inch and a half from the doubled end; now tie it round the neck of the bottle, leaving the loop to go over the cork, and fasten it with another knot at the further side, leaving the loop on one side of the neck, and the two ends at the other. Get taper corks, and fasten each cork to the bottle with a string. The same process is needed for ginger beer, with a slight change of ingredients—white sugar instead of molasses, two tablespoonsful of ginger, and no sassafras, and more lemon-juice. Should a bottle occasionally burst within two weeks, use less yeast next time. I know a little girl of twelve years of age who used to make and bottle this "thirteen quarts" of beer every week.—*Aunt Sue.*

WINE ROLL.—Soak a penny French roll in raisin wine till it will hold no more, put it in the dish, and pour round it a custard or cream, sugar, and lemon-juice. Just before it is served sprinkle over it some nonpariel comfits, or stick a few blanched slit almonds into it. Sponge biscuit may be used instead of the roll, if preferred.

THE RIDDLER.

Biographical Enigma.

I am composed of 83 letters.
My 50, 7, 5, 16, 9, 26, 2, 24, 18, 44, was a Greek philosopher.
My 23, 19, 27, 10, 17, 21, 31, 52, was an Arabian philosopher, and physician.
My 39, 11, 21, 26, 6, 34, 45, 4, 31, 57, 21, was a celebrated Mongul conqueror.
My 1, 43, 53, 60, 14, 68, 8, 12, 20, was an English reformer.
My 69, 3, 40, 75, 55, 76, 59, 81, 30, was a French historian.
My 26, 57, 15, 75, 33, 29, 73, was an Italian astronomer.
My 10, 36, 81, 28, 9, 21, 37, 47, 77, was the author of Don Quixote.
My 76, 42, 57, 74, 44, 63, 48, 52, 3, 51, was a well known dramatic writer.
My 43, 13, 75, 25, 9, 44, was a Greek lexicographer.
My 54, 41, 22, 32, was an English king.
My 56, 73, 39, 65, 10, 52, 63, 61, 49, was a king of France.
My 64, 62, 3, 70, 13, 58, 59, 27, 9, 21, was a learned Christian writer.
My 46, 9, 44, 71, 27, 21, 39, 78, 38, 21, is well known to the reader of American history.
My 79, 66, 3, 82, 33, was a king of Judea.
My 10, 38, 21, 35, 13, 53, 27, 18, 44, was a Chinese philosopher.
My 9, 50, 67, 14, 33, 80, 76, was one of the greatest painters of antiquity.
My whole is a verse of poetry.

FRANK EDMONDSON.
Oak Point, Iowa.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 70 letters.
My 1, 9, 13, 8, 36, 40, 65, 35, was a Bible plant.
My 6, 12, 3, 31, 7, 10, 37, 48, 58, 62, 60, was a king of Assyria.
My 11, 41, 34, 30, 15, 50, 63, was an ancient tribe.
My 15, 37, 61, 2, 64, 50, 67, 65, 9, 20, was a Bible wood.
My 16, 70, 56, 38, 60, 17, 28, 8, was a king of the Jews.
My 17, 14, 55, 44, 68, 49, 56, was a Bible bird.
My 19, 22, 27, 32, 28, 69, 25, 15, 4, 6, was an ancient tribe.
My 21, 4, 60, 59, 24, 7, 56, was an Israelite woman.
My 26, 9, 39, 66, 37, 12, 18, 41, 46, was a ruler of the Synagogue.
My 29, 51, 54, 43, 38, 23, was a judge of Israel.
My 47, 53, 37, 33, 42, 5, 55, 57, 14, was an ancient tribe.
My 52, 33, 39, 58, 66, 45, was a queen of Persia.
My whole is one of the proverbs.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Probability Problem.

A pack of 6 different cards is laid, face downwards, on a table. A person names a certain card, that and all the cards above it are shown to him and removed; he names another, and the process is repeated. Required—The probability that he will name the top card during the operation.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The diameter of the base of a certain cone is 20 inches, and its slant height is just 26 inches; an auger hole piercing the centre of the base and proceeding in the direction of the axis consumes one-eighth of its solidity. Required—The diameter of the auger hole.

WILLIAM HOOVER.
Smithville, Wayne Co., O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Driving from A to B on a straight line we found by the odometer, that the hind wheel of our carriage made 1,728 revolutions, and returning from B to A on the circumference of a circle with radius equal to A B the fore wheel made 2,262 revolutions. Required—the proportional diameters of the fore and hind wheels. JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What are effectual preventives of consumption? Ans.—High prices.

☞ What is the oldest woman's club? Ans.—The broomstick.

☞ When is a man out of date? Ans.—When he's a weak back.

☞ What is the color of grass with snow on it? Ans.—Invisible green.

☞ What quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas, and dinner parties? And.—White kids.

☞ When are gloves unsaleable? Ans.—When they are kept on hand.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Oh, righteous Heaven, ere Freedom found
a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?"

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—David's Lamentation over Saul and Jonathan.

MONS. BLOT'S RECEIPT FOR SPONGE CAKE AND ICING.—Ten yolks of eggs in a bowl, with a pound of powdered sugar, and mix well. A few drops of essence, or rind of lemon or orange, or a little nutmeg, to flavor. Mix in half a pound of flour. Afterward mix in the whites of ten egg beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in a pan or mould.

BISCUIT GLACE A LA ROYALE.—Two tablespoons of powdered sugar, and half the white of an egg worked in a bowl. Add occasionally a drop of lemon juice. It makes the sugar white. Bake sponge cake in a mould, and when done turn it out and spread the sugar on top, and place it in the oven to glaze the sugar.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night; take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum; put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again, and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling, put the fruit into jars, and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.